

ETHELINDE,

OR THE

RECLUSE OF THE LAKE.

See Monthly Review for June 1790. page 161.

Enlarged
no. 2.



Ethelinde is a very Phoenix - like Richardson's Grandison
far too excellent - far above the Standard of Nature. -
a Woman without a fault, or a single Imperfection
is not to be found in this World, any more than such
a Man as Grandison - then Examples are therefore useless.

E. Lib. H. Miner. 1790.
(5. Vol.)

ETHELINDE,

OR THE

RECLUSE OF THE LAKE.

BY

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.



TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

MADAM,

AS Dedications have been too frequently disgusting to the Patron and disgraceful to the Author, it is my Ambition, in dedicating these little Volumes to your Royal Highness, to express only the Dictates of Gratitude in the Language of Respect.

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My

My own Heart would reproach me should I fail to declare my deep Sense of that gracious Condescension with which you deigned to interest yourself in the Situation of my Children, whose opulent Relations and future Prospects prevent them not from being at present wholly dependent on their mother.

While the Motive that induced your Royal Highness to allow me the Honor of prefixing your name to this Work has evinced the Goodness of your Heart, I must confess that the Distinction so graciously conferred upon my Book has considerably encreased the Diffidence and Apprehension of its
Author.

Author. It is impossible for me to present to the Public a second Novel, under Circumstances so flattering, without fearing that any little Merit it may have must appear inadequate to the Favor it has received.

I have the Honor to be,

MADAM,

Your Royal Highness's

most obliged and devoted Servant,

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

E T H E

EDUCATION

Author is indebted for the
loan to the Public's second Novel
under Government's sanction, with
out feeling that any title which it may
have may appear inadequate to the
work it has received.

I have the honor to be,

MADAM,

Your Royal Highness's

most obliged and devoted servant,

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

E. J. H. E.



ETHELINDE,

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CHAPTER I.

ON the borders of the small but beautiful lake called Grasmere Water, in the county of Cumberland, is Grasmere Abbey, an old seat belonging to the family of Newenden. The abbey, founded by Ranulph Earl of Chester, for forty Cistercian monks, was among those dissolved by Henry the Eighth; by whom it was given, with its extensive royalties, to the family of Brandon,

VOL. I. B don,

don, from whence it descended by a female to Sir Edward Newenden, its present possessor.

His father, a man of boundless profusion, had at his death left every part of his property deeply mortgaged : but Sir Edward, on succeeding to it, had married the heiress of Mr. Maltravers, (a gentleman who had acquired an immense fortune in the East Indies,) and he had retrieved the fortune of his house, and disembarrassed his estates, by this opulent alliance.

Though much attached to Grasmere Abbey, which he venerated as the abode of his ancestors, and loved as the scene of his early pleasures, Sir Edward had not seen it for above four years. Lady Newenden had never been farther from the metropolis than to some of those places of public resort where all its conveniences and amusements are to be enjoyed ; and her Ladyship had conceived a dread of a journey into Cumberland, which Sir Edward, to whom her slightest wish was a law, had never earnestly pressed



pressed her to conquer: but in the summer of 1784, as his presence there was absolutely necessary, he besought her as a favour to accompany him thither; and as a favour, granted with the most perfect consciousness of its value, she at length deigned to consent.

It was however almost the end of July before her Ladyship gave this reluctant acquiescence; and then, as she had persuaded herself that she was to be condemned for two months to a desert, she had accepted the offer of Miss Newenden, the sister of Sir Edward, to accompany her, and she had invited her cousin Ethelinde Chesterville, and Mr. Davenant, a young man not yet of age, who was distantly related to Sir Edward and was also his ward, to be of her party.

This gentleman, who was still at Oxford, arrived from thence at the house of Sir Edward, near Windsor, the evening preceding the day on which they were to set out from thence to London, on their way

to the North. About twelve the next morning therefore he handed Lady Newenden to her coach, after she had taken leave of her three beautiful children. But Sir Edward lingered behind: he kissed repeatedly each of the lovely little creatures, earnestly recommended them to the care of their attendants; and when on the point of quitting them, again returned, renewed his caresses, and repeated his entreaties that they might have every attention shewn them during the absence of their mother. Then reluctantly tearing himself from them, he proceeded with his wife and Mr. Davenant to the house of Mr. Maltravers, her father, where they dined; and in the evening arrived at their house in Hanover Square, where they were to meet Miss Newenden and Ethelinde Chesterville.

They found Miss Newenden already there. As there had never been any great affection between her and Lady Newenden, they met without any warm expressions

pressions of pleasure. Their characters and manners were indeed wholly dissimilar. But though there was little friendship between them, there was less rivalry: the indolent apathy of Lady Newenden was not disturbed by the boisterous vivacity of her sister in law; who, occupied almost entirely by the stable or the kennel, considered her Ladyship as a pretty, insipid doll, whose mind was a mere blank, and whose person was fitted only to exhibit to advantage the feminine fineries which she herself despised—her own dress being usually such as was distinguished from that of a man only by the petticoat.

The first short compliments had no sooner passed, than Miss Newenden, addressing herself to her brother and Mr. Davenant, lamented that she had been prevented sending forward her horses the day before as she had intended. “That devilish fellow, Jack Wildman’s groom,” said she, “put a confounded kicking horse into the stable with Meteor, the

day before yesterday; and the dear soul, in kicking at him in his turn, has got a strain in the back sinews. I am wretched about it; for I am sure he must be fired. He'll be of no use to me all the summer, and I question if I shall get him sound by next season." Sir Edward heard her with more civility than interest; but Davenant, listening more attentively to her distress, they immediately began to consult on the probable advantages of a cold charge; and it was agreed that as soon as a celebrated farrier arrived, who was to be consulted, they would go together to the stable to inspect with him the condition of Meteor.

Their discourse was interrupted but not broken off, by the enterance of Colonel Chesterville and his daughter, neither of whom Mr. Davenant had ever seen before. Sir Edward introduced him to both. He bowed slightly to each; and then turning immediately to Miss Newenden, he continued with her a dissertation on the nature

nure and consequences of a strain in the back sinews.

Colonel Chesterville, now near fifty, had been a remarkably handsome man. Military service in various countries, and sorrows suffered in his own, had had more share than time in marking the strong lines of his sensible and manly countenance with something of peculiar dejection. His manners, though perfectly those of a man of fashion, had yet a too visible coldness towards persons for whom he felt no particular esteem; but when he conversed with those for whom his heart owned an interest, especially when he spoke to or of his daughter, all that fire and energy which had been the leading feature of his character in the younger part of his life, seemed to return. His affections were almost entirely centered in his children: his son, who had entered early into the army, and was now with his regiment at Gibraltar, had by some youthful indiscretions taught the Colonel the

anxieties of a father; but Ethelinde was in his opinion the most perfect of human beings; yet those who knew her best found but little of partiality or exaggeration in the exalted opinion he entertained of her.

Few girls of her age, for Ethelinde was not yet eighteen, can be said to have any decided character at all; but the circumstances of her life had taught her to think and to feel. In her twelfth year she had lost her mother by a lingering decline, and the deep melancholy into which her surviving parent had fallen in consequence of that event, the thoughtless conduct of her brother, and the encreasing anxiety which her father felt either from that or some other cause, had obscured her natural vivacity without diminishing her personal charms; and had given her a taste for solitude and reflection without lessening the natural sweetness of her temper. Her father's sorrows had redoubled her attachment towards him; her affection
for

for her brother was encreased rather than diminished, since his imprudence had made him unhappy. To her he had disclosed his entangled circumstances even before he dared make them known to his father, and it was by her intercession that the Colonel had so easily pardoned him a second time, and had parted from him when he went to his regiment without any marks of displeasure.

Ethelinde however saw with great concern, that since that period her father had been more than usually unhappy, and that though he was less at home than was his general custom, he could with difficulty conceal, when they were together, the anguish that preyed on his heart.

Conscious of his own dejection, and fearing for the health and spirits of his daughter, which were evidently affected by it, he had, however unwilling to part with her, promoted her going to Grasmere Abbey with her cousin, Lady Newenden; and when she objected to it, because she

was unwilling to leave him alone, he told her that he should take the opportunity of her absence to pay a visit of some months to his friend General Sandys, in the neighbourhood of Bath. Ethelinde and her father were now to part; for a few months only; but even so short a separation, at the moment it was to take place, appeared so terrible to Colonel Chefferville, that he lost all his fortitude when it arrived. He had continued a very insipid conversation with Lady Newenden till a late hour, because he had not resolution enough to bid adieu to his daughter; but finding that the longer he delayed it the more painful it became, he at length arose, and approaching her, he kissed her and bade her hastily farewell. He trembled while he spoke; and Ethelinde, who felt and shared his emotion, found her eyes fill with tears, and her hand involuntarily clasped in his as if to detain him; while he, turning to Lady Newenden, said—"to you, Madam, and to Sir Edward, I confide almost
the

the only good I have on earth." Lady Newenden curtsying, said something in a low voice; but Sir Edward advancing, cried with mingled politeness and tenderness—"We accept the trust, my dear Colonel, with the utmost pleasure; and we consider it as an high honor and happiness that we are thought worthy of a charge so precious.

Ethelinde held out her hand to her father; he pressed it to his heart, and then bowing to Miss Newenden and Mr. Davenant, (who gazed at him with an unmeaning stare) he hurried down stairs and left the house.

Ethelinde finding it impossible to stifle her concern or stop her tears, hastily left the room. She was no sooner gone than Lady Newenden, who had thrown herself on a sofa, from which she had arisen on the Colonel's departure, cried, in her indolent way—"I wonder now what occasion Colonel Chesterville has to make such a fuss about parting from
Ethy,

Ethy, as if she was never to come back again; it is really almost alarming to undertake the care of a person who is made of so much consequence."

"Surely, my love," said Sir Edward, mildly, "it is very natural to be attached to such a daughter, who is not only so extremely amiable and interesting, but is, as he told you, almost the only good he has on earth."

"Lord, brother," exclaimed Miss Newenden, "it is amazing to me that you can think her so handsome. I don't know whether it is quite civil to dispute the beauty of Lady Newenden's relation, but really now I have wondered an hundred times what you can possibly find in her; and I am surprised," added she, turning to Lady Newenden, "that your Ladyship allows Sir Edward to express these violent partialities."

"It is quite indifferent to me," answered she with a sort of languid haughtiness. "For my own part, Ethy seems
to

to me to be just like other misses; I see nothing extraordinary in her either one way or the other, though her father has always made such a racket with her, that it is surprising she is not more pert and vain than girls generally are. If she had been entitled to a great fortune, he could not have lavished more expence upon her, or could there have been more rout about her beauty and her wit."

"Has she no fortune then?" said Davenant, who had been drumming on the arm of the sofa and whistling a few bars of an hunting song. This question, by his turning half round towards Miss Newenden, seemed to be addressed to her.

"Upon my soul I don't know. Lady Newenden, what is Miss Chesterville's fortune? Here is Tom Davenant enquiring; perhaps he is smitten, and means to make proposals."

"Indeed," said Lady Newenden, "I cannot inform him; her mother was my father's

father's sister, and I have heard that she and Chesterville ran away together when he was an Ensign, a great many years ago. She was dead before we came to England, and I never enquired much about them."

"Colonel Chesterville," said Sir Edward, who seemed very little pleased with the conversation, "is a younger brother of a noble house. While yet very young, he married one of the sisters of my wife's father, against the wishes of his own family and indeed of hers; for he had only an Ensigncy in a marching regiment; all his hopes of promotion depended on the interest of his father; and there was reason to fear that those prospects would be blasted by his marriage. His father, however, though he never was thoroughly reconciled, failed not to promote his interest in the army; and gave him at his death the same portion as he left to his other younger children; since which, some of his brothers are dead, and of their shares he participates; so that besides his regiment,

ment, he has an handsome income. Were however his circumstances such as you, Nelly, (turning to his sister,) seem fond of representing them, he might still claim the respect and veneration of the world for the goodness of his heart, as well as for his long military services."

"Dear Sir Edward," cried Miss Newenden, "I don't want I am sure to represent him as being in bad circumstances; only you know that he has had the character of playing monstrous deep."

"I own I have heard that he plays; but I never saw any reason to believe, since I have known him, that he indulges that propensity to the prejudice of his fortune; and I know him to be so passionately fond of his children, particularly of Ethelinde, that I am persuaded he gratifies himself in nothing that is likely to be prejudicial to them."

Supper being now announced, Sir Edward sent a servant to summons Ethelinde, who instantly attended the table; her eyes
were

were red and swollen, and frequent sighs stole from her bosom; but she struggled to conquer the pain she felt, and would have taken some share in the conversation, had not Miss Newenden and Mr. Davenant almost entirely engrossed it, and talked on subjects quite unknown to her—such as racing and hunting. Sometimes Davenant looked for a moment at her, as if trying to discover the beauty in whose praise Sir Edward had spoken; but he otherwise noticed her very little. Miss Newenden seemed not to know such a person was in the room; and Lady Newenden, who never spoke much, did not appear to consider herself obliged to make any unusual exertions for the entertainment of her own relation; and feeling less and less contented with her northern journey as it more nearly approached, she sat in an indolent yet somewhat sullen way, till the cloth was removed, and then retired to her own apartment.

The easy and affectionate attention
which

which Ethelinde ever found in the behaviour of Sir Edward, made her more than amends for the indifference of the rest.

He had now however some business to settle with his steward before he went into the North, which obliged him to leave the room immediately after supper; Ethelinde soon retired to her chamber, and Miss Newenden and Mr. Davenant went together to the stable, where they remained in conference with the grooms till it was time to separate for the night.

The next morning they began their journey: during the first two days of which, nothing remarkable passed. Lady Newenden, in proportion as she left London more distant, seemed to leave her good humour also; and she failed not to express her dislike of the roads, the country, and the inns, as if to remind her husband at every stage of the greatness of the sacrifice she was making—while he endeavoured, by the most attentive and tender manners, to oblige and entertain her;

her; and with the most patient endurance of her pettish arrogance, and childish caprice, tried to convince her that he was sensible of her condescension in undertaking the journey. But he too often found that all his endeavours served only to encrease her discontent; and that the more earnestly he attempted to please her, the more difficult she became to please.

Her Ladyship, whose delicate frame and irritable nerves suffered extremely from the fatigue of travelling, usually retired to her bed as soon as they arrived at the inn where they rested for the night; Miss Newenden and Davenant then sat down to piquet; and Sir Edward and Ethelinde were left to entertain each other, with a book, or such conversation as the occurrences or remarks of the day afforded them.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW of these conversations convinced Sir Edward that the winning manners, and lovely person of Ethelinda, were her least perfections. The solidity of her understanding, the gentleness of her temper, and the softness of her heart, interested, while the vivacity of her conversation entertained him; and as she every day gained on his good opinion, he could not help reflecting with some pain on her situation. He had heard, in general conversation, that Colonel Chesterville had only a very small fortune; and from some circumstances which had occurred, he feared that his son's extravagance, if not his own propensity to gaming, had considerably diminished it; and Sir Edward could not without great pain represent to himself the probability there was that this
young

young woman, so lovely in mind and person, might be left a necessitous dependant on the family of Maltravers; while all his tenderness for Lady Newenden, prevented him not from feeling that she had not that temper which was likely to soften or diminish the miseries of such dependence.

Mr. Maltravers, like most men who accumulate sudden and opulent fortunes, was wrapped up in the contemplation of his own consequence, and in the project he was ever forming to aggrandize his family by procuring an higher title for Sir Edward Newenden. Mrs. Maltravers had been a celebrated beauty; but of an obscure family, and destitute of fortune; she had therefore gone to the East Indies early in life, where those personal advantages had induced Mr. Maltravers to marry her, though he was many years older than she was. At the age of forty-two or three, she still retained much of her beauty; and though a grandmother,

was

was extremely unwilling to believe that she must relinquish all pretensions to admiration. This disposition did not greatly tend to enlarge her heart towards the young and beautiful: those indeed who have so great a partiality to their own perfections, being rarely found capable of doing justice to the perfection of others.

The other relations of Ethelinde, were an uncle, who inherited the small paternal estate of his ancestors in the West of England, who retaining the rustic simplicity of an English yeoman, had brought up a numerous family to rural œconomy. Her only surviving aunt was the wife of a rich merchant at Bristol.

Of these relations, Mr. Maltravers, since his return from the East Indies, had taken little and reluctant notice; Ethelinde herself owing the preference which had been shewn her to her alliance with a noble family on the side of her father.

Colonel Chesterville's elder brother, now a peer, had married an extravagant
woman

woman of fashion. Embarrassed in his circumstances, and supporting his rank with difficulty, he had little power and less inclination to interest himself for the family of his brother; and his wife having several daughters whose establishment depended entirely on their personal attractions, could not help seeing how much Ethelinde excelled them, and therefore she gave little encouragement to her to be often with them. Thus in the midst of numerous relations on both sides, Ethelinde, amiable as she was, had few friends; and though she complained not of the little affection she found from them, Sir Edward saw that she felt and lamented it.

The gentle sensibility of her heart, thus forbidden to extend itself towards her relations, centered more warmly in her father and brother. Next to them, she had learned to love Sir Edward Newenden, from whom she always received attention, tenderness, and respect. She considered
him

him as an elder brother; and was always happy in his company, and delighted with his praises; while in cultivating so fine an understanding, Sir Edward found a new source of pleasure and gratification. During the journey, they read together in Italian and Spanish; in the first of which, Ethelinde was a tolerable proficient, and in the latter he had been her instructor. Lady Newenden, on whose education great sums had been lavished, had learned every thing, but could do nothing; nor had she the least ambition to be any thing but a very pretty woman. As long therefore as Ethelinde disputed not with her the palm of beauty, she was content to leave her all the praise that should be due to knowledge; and her Ladyship beheld with great apparent indifference, the preference which Sir Edward sometimes too evidently gave to the society of Ethelinde.

Davenant, had a mind, which resembling the imaginary qualities of the camelion,

lion, received its predominant colour from the object which was most immediately near it. Deficient in that strength of intellect which gives determinate character, he was

“Every thing by turns, and nothing long.”

At Oxford, he drank, without loving wine; and kept hunters, without loving violent exercise. In town, he sauntered about all the morning, without pleasure or pursuit; and went to a gaming table at night, though he always lost his money—an operation to which he had a very great aversion.

He was the mere creature of the day: his dress, his expences, his pleasures, his sentiments, being regulated by the opinion of others, rather than by his own inclinations.

From that facility of temper, which at an early period had been remarked in him, Sir Edward had been taught to hope that he might be rendered a useful if not a brilliant

brilliant member of society. But his guardian soon found, that the same easiness of disposition which would, if he had fallen into good company only, have rendered him respectable, now laid him open to the influence of numberless debauched and dissipated young men, who without having more sense, had more vivacity than himself. Of these he became the copyist; and committed folly with no other hope and to no other end than to obtain the suffrage of fools.

His fortune however was not yet hurt; and Sir Edward, who had seen but little of him since the preceding year, (because he had passed the last vacation in another part of England) still hoped, that by detaching him from the society which had misled him, and opening to him new pursuits of domestic comfort and literary amusements, he might give new energy to his mind, and greater rectitude to his morals. Davenant however had not been three days with Sir Edward, before

he saw the fallacy of this hope, and of that which had for a moment led him to suppose that his ward might become worthy of the honor of being the lover and the husband of Ethelinde Chesterville.

Occupied entirely by Miss Newenden, Davenant noticed her very little. Yet neither the person or manners of Miss Newenden were calculated to attract esteem or admiration: her person, without being tall, was hard and masculine; her features, though not large, were sharp and harsh; and from being constantly exposed to the air, her complexion had contracted an unpleasant redness, particularly about her nose and forehead, that gave it a certain coarseness, which, without adding to the general spirit of her face, certainly encreased the fire or rather the fierceness of her quick, grey eyes. She had lost her mother when she was not more than ten years old; and from that period had been left entirely to the care of a governess, who found it more to her own interest to gratify than to contradict her.

Her

Her father, himself a keen sportsman, was pleased with the courage and agility she shewed on horseback, and had been accustomed to indulge her in following the hounds, while yet a child. Animated by the praises that were then bestowed upon her, she had imbibed a notion that to possess a good horse was the first point requisite to human happiness; and to be able to ride well, the first of human perfections. Her father dying when she was about sixteen, she became entitled to the whole of what was at his death to descend to younger children; as she was an only daughter, and had no brother but Sir Edward. This sum amounted to about sixteen thousand pounds; a fortune which would probably have procured her a respectable establishment; but Miss Newenden, far from having any views of that sort, immediately furnished her stables with valuable hunters, doubled her number of grooms, and took a small hunting seat in Dorsetshire; where, though she sometimes prevailed on a maiden

aunt to reside with her, she oftener passed whole winters alone. Sir Edward, who would have loved her extremely if he had met with any affection in return, often pressed her to take up her abode part of the year with him; but she seldom accepted his invitations, unless for a few weeks at a time, either during an hard frost, or some capital sale at Tatterfall's. As she advanced in life, (and she was now near eight and twenty) her passion for field sports, for the stable, and the kennel, encreased rather than diminished. Many who knew that her fortune would be convenient to them, had, during the first years of her being mistress of her actions, addressed her with offers of marriage; but she had without hesitation dismissed them all; and though she still suffered some of them to attend on her in her favourite amusement, and shewed frequent preference to those who best understood the merits of an horse, or who displayed the most judgment in the hunt, she never thought of marrying, and soon ceased

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to be considered as an object of pursuit. Nothing indeed but her fortune had ever made her appear so; and the gentlemen who had with that view addressed her, were easily repulsed, and desisted without any great pain from addressing a young woman who had little other merit, and no other language and manners, than those of a stable boy.

The vapid and vacant mind of Davenant, ever open to momentary impressions, was amused with her singularity, and he fancied himself instructed by her skill in horse flesh. To keep up a conversation with Sir Edward, demanded more knowledge than he had acquired, and more attention than he was willing to exert. From him therefore he generally tried to escape. Yet in despite of that imbecility of mind, which ever required that he should be told what he was to like or dislike, he was often attracted by the animated beauty of Ethelinde; and as she conversed with Sir Edward by the table where he was at cards with Miss Newenden,

he insensibly neglected his game while he gazed at her. But from these short fits of absence he was generally recalled by Miss Newenden, with "Come, Tom, what the devil are you thinking of? if you cannot attend I'll play no more." Startled by this reproof, Davenant again attended to his cards, and seemed to have forgotten the object that had thus momentarily drawn his attention from them.

As they travelled very slowly, lest Lady Newenden should be too much fatigued, it was not till the afternoon of the sixth day after quitting London that they arrived within a few miles of Grasmere Abbey. As soon as the tall blue heads of the fells were very distinctly seen, Sir Edward, who was then in the coach with Lady Newenden, his sister, and Ethelinde, expressed forcibly the pleasure he felt in seeing them. "They are," said he, delighted at the sight, "as the sight of old friends, and bring back to my mind the pleasant days I used to pass when, at the holidays, I went down to Grasmere

Grafsmere Abbey with my father. On that towering hill to the left, which at this distance seems an immense pile of purple rock, the first grouse fell by my gun. I was not more than ten years old; and the delight with which I saw Humphrey, my old servant, put it in the net, the triumph with which I shewed it, on my return to my father, I shall never forget. "Look, my love," continued he, "at the wild grandeur of that varied and bold outline; observe the effect of the sun's rays on the summits of the craggs, while the large and swelling clouds that pass over seem almost to touch them and give them numberless shades in their progress."

"I see but little beauty in those dreary looking mountains," answered Lady Newenden, with a cold and disdainful smile. "Perhaps you had better apply to Ethelinde. You may teach *her* as she is a young lady of *sublime taste* you know, to admire what I, who am a creature without any, really want faculties to enjoy."

There was something in this speech more disobliging than usual; but Sir Edward, turning to Ethelinde, said with assumed gaiety, "Well then, my fair cousin, I must have *you* for my pupil, and you must learn to admire my country, for admired it must positively be. And you, Ellen," addressing himself to his sister, "have you acquired by absence and refinement a dislike to the scenes where you passed your early life? and do you prefer the flat, uninteresting country round London?"

"No," answered she, "not exactly the country round London; but I like many countries better than I do this, to be sure. Great part of Dorsetshire for example, and Hampshire; where one may gallop upon turf for ten or twelve miles an end, without check or leap. This is well enough for the eye, but I own for myself I cannot think it very desirable otherwise.

Sir Edward, smiling at an objection so strongly

strongly in character, then dropped the conversation, and soon after got on horse-back. Miss Newenden, however, who sometimes rode with him, now remained in the coach; where, as they advanced among the fells, a deeper gloom fell on the countenance of Lady Newenden; Miss Newenden took out of the coach pocket, the sporting calendar, where she was endeavouring to trace the pedigree of an horse, about which she held an argument with Davenant the evening before; and as neither of them spoke to Ethelinde, she contemplated without interruption the novelty and grandeur of the scenery around her.

She had been much accustomed to travel with her father; who, having himself an elegant and enlightened understanding, had improved that turn for observation which genius had given to the mind of his daughter; and she had learned to see the face of nature with the taste of a painter, and the enthusiasm of a poet; while

to Lady Newenden all was a blank, which offered nothing to gratify either her personal vanity, or the consequence she assumed from her splendid fortune.

Their road became now more slow by the necessity of winding among the hills; and every mile presented some new beauty, affording to Ethelinde the purest and most exquisite delight. At length they came within view of Grasmere Water, and passing between two enormous fells, one of which descended, cloathed with wood, almost perpendicularly to the lake, while the other hung over it, in bold masses of staring rock, they turned round a sharp point formed by the root of the latter, and entering a lawn, the abbey, embosomed among the hills, and half concealed by old elms, which seemed coeval with the building, appeared with its gothic windows, and long pointed roof of a pale grey stone, bearing every where the marks of great antiquity. The great projecting buttresses were covered with
old

old fruit trees, which from their knotted trunks seemed to have been planted by the first inhabitants of the mansion. In some of the windows the heavy stone work still remained, and they were totally darkened at the top by stained glass; in others, sashes had been substituted; and the windows had been contracted by brick work to make them appear square within; but even in these the stained glass had been replaced, which generally represented the arms of Newenden surcharged with those of Brandon.

When the coach stopped, Sir Edward appeared at the door of it; and taking the hand of Lady Newenden, he led her into an hall, saluted her tenderly, and bade her welcome to Grafton Abbey.

Instead however of attempting to gratify him by expressing any pleasure at that which evidently gave him so much, she turned abruptly away, and exclaimed—
 “Don’t keep me, Sir Edward, in this great, cold place; it strikes as damp as a family

family vault. I hope you have ordered fires. I assure you that my departure will be a much fitter subject of congratulation than my arrival."

Sir Edward, a good deal hurt, led her without speaking into a long and old-fashioned, but well furnished parlour, where he left her, and returned towards Ethelinde and his sister. He met Ethelinde in the hall; but Miss Newenden was gone with Davenant to the stables to chuse which she would have for her own horses.

A settee of rich cut velvet, with massy gilt feet, was in the room; which seemed to have in its time supported many of the venerable figures, and fair but faded forms, which were represented in the great portraits that covered the wainscot. On this settee or sofa, Lady Newenden sat down; and wrapping her cloak round her, complained of the excessive coldness of the house. By this time an old house-keeper, who had lived many yeas in the family,

family, appeared, and in the broad dialect of the northern country, enquired—"What may lady wad please to have auster her journey?"

"Have!" exclaimed her Ladyship, with evident marks of disgust; "why I would have a little warmth, good woman, if it is possible in these rooms; do make a fire instantly, and if my own people are come, send Powell to me."

"Your servants," said Sir Edward, "are yet at some distance; one of the post horses of the chaise lost a shoe about two miles from hence, which has detained them. Dickenson however will execute any orders you may have to give her."

"She can do nothing for me," fullenly replied his wife. "I should be glad indeed to have my own bed made up, but I must wait I see till Powell comes."

Mrs. Dickenson, who had long served the mother of Sir Edward, one of the best tempered and mildest women, began to find

find herself extremely hurt at the haughtiness of her new lady; and spreading out her clean white cloth apron, she with a sort of half curtsy approached nearer, saying—"Indeed, my Lady, I shud ha been glad to ha known as your Ladyshep weshed for to have fires, and then sure they shud ha ben leeted all about the hoose; bot my leet lady she niver hud fires tull about the eend of Siptimber ur begennen of Ooctoober, an I cud na know your Ladyshep wud leek of um; for my leet lady she ——"

"Tell me not of thy late lady, Mrs. Nicholson," said Lady Newenden, (wilfully mistaking the name); but since I am condemned to remain in this comfortless and dreary place, do prithee bestir thyself, to save me if possible from dying of an ague."

"Go, Dickenson," said Sir Edward, "and send in the housemaid to make a fire here; while you yourself see that others

others are made immediately in Lady Newenden's dressing and bed rooms."

The housekeeper immediately obeyed. Sir Edward, more vexed with his wife than he desired to appear, walked about the room in silence; and Ethelinde, depressed by the ill humour of her cousin, and concerned at the effect it had on Sir Edward, seated herself in the window, and looking at the surrounding hills, recollected how very far she now was from her father; and in that recollection felt deserted and forlorn.

By this time Miss Newenden joined them, and being better satisfied with the stable than her sister was with the house, she came gaily into the room with Davenant, who enquired of Lady Newenden how she found herself?

"More than half dead, I assure you, Davenant," said she, with her usual languor; "and all that amazes me is, how any creature can take such a journey as this for pleasure."

"I am

"I am very sorry, Lady Newenden," said Sir Edward, unable any longer to conceal his chagrin, "that *you* have undertaken it at all."

"Indeed, Sir Edward, so am I," answered she.

"I can't imagine why," cried Miss Newenden with quickness; "for I am sure you are no worse for it."

"Not the worse, Ma'am? why I am shaken to death, dislocated in all my joints; and after having been martyred the whole way with jolting in extreme heat, I come into this cold, damp, desolate place, which really is fit only for the nuns and friars that you told me, I think, used to inhabit it."

"Its inhabitants since that, Madam," said her sister in law, with increased tartness, "were persons, of whom I may venture to say, that few of our present nobility are so *well*, certainly none *better* born. They were of a family with which
at

at least *mere modern opulence* may be proud to boast it's alliance."

"Dear Miss Newenden," answered her Ladyship contemptuously, "nobody disputes it; I only wish that the last and present possessors of the place had been contented to remain as quiet here as the owners did who lived at it two or three hundred years ago; then I suppose they would not have spent so much money as has obliged them to have recourse to *modern opulence* to prevent these dreary rooms from being made into barns or granaries, or tumbling quite down."

"My dear cousin!" exclaimed Ethelinde, unable to repress her astonishment at this speech.

Sir Edward, finding that all his tenderness for Lady Newenden could not check the anger which this proud and contemptuous spirit provoked, now hastily left the room. Davenant, always an indifferent spectator of scenes where no kind of dissipation bore a part, strolled into

into the garden; but Miss Newenden, whose family pride (the only pride she had) was now roused, returned to the charge.

"Most women, let me assure your Ladyship, whatever may be their fortune, would think themselves too happy to share it with such a man as *my* brother."

"Not *too* happy surely," with a malicious smile, answered Lady Newenden, "if part of their lives was to wear away in banishment in the nunnery of Grasmere."

"But let me inform you, Lady Newenden ———"

"Not to night, dear Ma'am—do not inform me to-night; for I am really fatigued to death, and cannot keep myself awake to hear any more about your ancestors. Doubtless they were all Knights and Esquires of high degree; only I with their old fashioned nunnery had fallen into the lake before I had been dragged

dragged a thousand miles to catch my death in it."

At this moment her woman, Mrs. Powell, and her Indian servant, entered the room.

"Ah! Powell," exclaimed she, "it is comfortable to see you. Get my drops and my chocolate. I shall go instantly to bed. Why, what a while you have been coming?"

"Good heaven! my dear Lady," drawled out her attendant, "I thof that to have got here at all was a thing impossible. Gracious me! I thof of all things we should have been killed by one of them there great large *ills*; and then squish squash through such a deal of water! I am sure your Ladyship must be quite tired out of your life."

"Tired indeed! I hope every thing is ready for me?"

"Oh! yes I got every thing ready as soon as I came in for your Ladyship."

"Help me then," cried she, with redoubled

doubled languor, "help me to my bed. Good night, Ethy. Your humble servant, Miss Newenden. I congratulate you both on being so very robust, that even the fatigue of *such* a journey does not disable *you* from taking a pleasant rural walk, or an evening ride perhaps, over those sweet hills to see prospects. You cannot fail of entertainment; so I shall make no apology for leaving you."

"She then, leaning on her two attendants, left the room."

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

MISS Newenden, who with some asperity of temper had much of the pride of ancestry about her, now expressed to Ethelinde in very bitter terms the displeasure she had conceived against her sister in law for her ill breeding and haughtiness.

Ethelinde attempted to soften her, by reminding her that something should be allowed to health generally very delicate, and to present fatigue. "My cousin," said she, "has never been contradicted in what she desired to do, or desired to do any thing to which she expressed the least dislike. Even Sir Edward, till this journey became necessary, has never requested any thing of her but what he knew to be her own inclination.

"Hang such whimsical nonsense," exclaimed Miss Newenden, "it puts me past all

all patience. My brother is a fool to give way to it as he does; for the more he humours her ridiculous affectation, the more insupportably tiresome she becomes. Oh! if I was a man, and plagued with a whining, conceited, capricious wife, I would run away to the end of the world to avoid her."

"You mean ride away," said Ethelinde, smiling.

"Aye, that I would indeed," answered Miss Newenden, taking good humouredly this little stroke at her own hobby horse. "I wish Ned had any spirit; I am sure I could put him in a way to cure her Ladyship of these insolent airs." Then seeing Davenant looking at her brother's brood mares, which were grazing in the park, she ran away to join him; and Ethelinde wandered out towards the plantation which fringed the feet of the hills that surrounded it. She was no sooner alone, than losing the impression of the unpleasing conversation she had heard, she gave way to the solemn but melancholy species of pleasure inspired by the

the scene around her. It was now evening; the last rays of the sun gave a dull purple hue to the points of the fells which rose above the water and the park; while the rest, all in deep shadow, looked gloomily sublime. Just above the tallest, which was rendered yet more dark by the wood that covered its side, the evening star arose, and was reflected on the bosom of the lake, now perfectly still and unruffled. Not a breeze sighed among the hills, and nothing was heard but the low murmur of two or three distant waterfalls, and at intervals the short soft notes of the woodlark, the only bird that sings at this season in an evening (it was the middle of August). Ethelinde having traversed a considerable part of the plantation, principally among tall firs, planted by the grandfather of Sir Edward, now stopped to observe the river, which flows from the lake in a deep and smooth current, and keeping its way under the foot of an enormous mass of rock, suddenly crosses the park, and takes its course near
the

the abbey, where it once filled what is now a fosse of turf, but was formerly a moat; from which, being diverted, it wanders away through green inclosures, till other hills conceal its further progress.

A rude stone bridge crosses the stream, and Ethelinde, leaning over the wall, looked pensively at the water, and listened to the rippling current, which was in unison with other soothing and agreeable sounds, while by this time innumerable stars were reflected on the lake.

Qui, se spiega la notte il fosco velo
 Nel mare emulo al Cielo
 Più lucide, più belle
 Moltiplicar le stelle.

METASTASIO.

While she remained here, Sir Edward, who to dissipate his vexation had rambled round his plantations, overtook her. “Whither wanders my lovely cousin,” said he in the pleasant accents of affection, and taking her arm within his: “and why stays

stays she out thus late?" "I have not the least inclination to return to the house," replied Ethelinde; "the evening is uncommonly mild, and I have been admiring the beauty of the lake, and of those wild rocks which form its basin. How calm, how beautiful is its surface, spangled with stars, and deeply contrasted by those dark tufts of evergreens which crowd over it."

"Those trees," said Sir Edward, "were planted by my father when I was a boy. You like the scenery then, Ethelinde, and see nothing so terrible in passing a few weeks at Grasmere Abbey?" He sighed, and as if waiting for Ethelinde's reply, was silent a moment: then making an effort to conquer the pain which the recollection of Lady Newenden's different taste impressed, he added, "Where did you leave Lady Newenden?"

"Her Ladyship retired to her own room with her servants before I came out to walk; and Miss Newenden went with Mr. Davenant to look at some of your horses."

“It is well,” said Sir Edward, still trying to shake off his concern, “that Nelly has found in Davenant a companion who can participate her pleasures, and it is not less lucky for me, that Davenant’s happy facility of temper, ever falling into the whim of those he is with, serves to keep *her* at least in good humour.” Unable to help adverting thus to the petulance of his wife, he yet tried to drive it from him by other topics. “How do you like Davenant?” continued he.

Ethelinde, who had thought very little of him, and without any degree of good opinion, answered with some hesitation, “Very well.”

“He has,” said Sir Edward, “great good nature, and is not without understanding.”

“Not absolutely without.”

Sir Edward, smiling at the archness with which she delivered these words, said, “But you think that he has not much?”

“Certainly, Sir Edward, you must be a
far

far better judge than I am ; and as I always wish to discover the good qualities of those I am with, I wish you to point out those of Mr. Davenant."

" You are satirical, Ethelinde."

" I hope not ; but I own I have observed some features in his character that by no means impress me with a favourable idea of his heart or his understanding."

" You surprise me ! What have you observed ?"

" First, that though he knows not what in the world to do with his time, and is ever in an evident dearth of ideas, he never takes up a book, or enters with any kind of interest into the most instructive conversation."

" Allowed. But what have you to say of his heart ?"

" I have only to say of it, that it seems to me deficient in feeling, in generosity, in tenderness. He acknowledges that he has a widowed aunt, his mother's sister, old, indigent, and deprived by death of her

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children,

children, whom he has never noticed since he became old enough to assist her. And did I not observe, that when at the inn at Boroughbridge, your acquaintance in that town introduced to your pity a poor woman with five infant children, whom an horrid accident had robbed of their laborious father. Davenant, far from attending to her distress, went to the window, and looked out of it till she was about to withdraw, as if to avoid the necessity of taking out his purse. And when you reminded him of it, and desired him to give the little boy a guinea, he gave it indeed, but not like one who loves to give. Ah, Sir Edward! If a man so young; a man abounding in money, which all his superfluous expences hardly diminishes, is thus deaf to the voice of misery, and wants to be reminded of the assistance he owes his fellow creatures, what shall he be, when time, which blunts even the keenest sensibilities, shall have rendered him yet more insensible and unfeeling of every

every thing but the gratification of his own narrow and selfish tastes."

"Indeed," said Sir Edward; "I did not know what a severe observer you are, Ethy, or I should have taken care of myself."

"Ah, no, Sir Edward! the less your actions are guarded, the more you must be beloved: they arise from the noblest impulses of the soul. Believe me, an heart like yours cannot be too much seen, and seen as it really is."

This artless but warm praise gave to Sir Edward a sensation of delight more exquisite than he had ever before felt. His voice trembled as he attempted laughingly to answer what he termed an extravagant compliment: then as they walked towards the house together, he became quite silent. On entering the eating parlour, they found Miss Newenden and Davenant waiting supper: during which repast Sir Edward continued pensive, answering he knew not what to the questions Miss Newenden asked him

about the horses she had seen ; and as soon as the cloth was removed, they all separated.

Ethelinde, with a bosom unruffled by any uneasy passion, soon tasted the calm slumber of the innocent. But Sir Edward carried to his pillow thoughts and reflections that suffered him not to sleep. He had for many days learned, that should he lose the conversation of Ethelinde, he should be deprived of that which in the absence of his children was the greatest pleasure of his life. But he had to day caught himself making involuntary comparisons between her and his wife ; and felt all the ill humour and pride of the latter aggravated, while the sweetness, the spirit, the sense of Ethelinde, proportionably rose in his mind. Then blaming himself for indulging an idea to the disadvantage of his wife—of the mother of his children, he fancied that he must himself have been in the wrong, and had not sufficiently allowed for the fatigue of body and mind Lady Newenden had suffered,

ferred, nor for the little, capricious humours to which the best women are subject, and he determined to think of it no more. With equal sincerity did he resolve to think less of Ethelinde; but as that was very difficult to accomplish, he persuaded himself that he thought of her only as a fond brother thinks of an amiable and beloved sister.

Every day, however, of the first three or four they passed at Grasmere Abbey, brought with it some new instance of Lady Newenden's uneasy and perverse spirit; and driven from her by haughty reserve, or petulant retort, he was compelled to resort for consolation to the mild and reasonable conversation of Ethelinde. An hour's reading with her, a walk with her, or some little poem repeated by memory, as they rambled together on the banks of the lake, restored to his wounded spirit its wonted composure, yet instilled into his heart a slow and secret poison, which he detected not

till it was no longer in his power to expel it.

Ethelinde, perfectly unconscious of the effect of that tender and innocent familiarity in which she lived with him, thought only how to soothe and amuse him in the many hours which they passed almost entirely alone. Lady Newenden, because she knew that it mortified Sir Edward, frequently dined in her own apartment, under pretence that the lower part of the house gave her cold; while he was continually harassed by the complaints and murmurs of her London servants, who regretted the luxuries they had left behind them, and hoped by their own discontent to irritate that of their lady. The women quarrelled with the old house-keeper, and saw ghosts in every passage of the abbey; the men bewildered the steward by their London assurance, and distracted him by their extravagance. Every appeal was made to my Lady, and every attempt of Sir Edward to check their impertinence was sure to be
resented

resented by her Ladyship, and to be followed by reproaches, complainings, tears and fits. Miss Newenden, never without resource in fine weather, amused herself tolerably well by riding out and renewing her acquaintance with those families within ten miles of the abbey whom she had formerly known. At one of those visits she met a party of six of her London friends, who had come down on a tour of pleasure to visit the lakes: she eagerly invited them to Grasmere Abbey: they accepted the proposal, and two days afterwards arrived; fortunately for Sir Edward, who, though his business was by no means finished, would not on other terms have been able to have detained Lady Newenden another week.

The acquisition of such a party restored to her Ladyship some degree of good humour. She again heard the soothing voice of adulation, and again felt the consequence given her by fortune. Cards were intro-

D 5 duced

duced of an evening, and ennui was for the present forgotten.

Ethelinde too felt greatly relieved by their arrival; for she was now no longer expected to listen to Lady Newenden's complaints, to bear her ill humour, or to labour in the vain attempt of amusing her. Happy to be thus restored to some degree of liberty, she took immediate advantage of it; and the first day, as soon as dinner was over and the ladies withdrawn, she went out unperceived; and taking with her that volume of the works of Gray, in which he, with the clearest simplicity, describes this small lake, she pursued her way, now over "eminences covered with turf, now among broken rock," till she reached the village which stands on a low promontory projecting far into the lake.

In this hamlet, the abode of chearful labour and contented poverty, she observed one house distinguished from the rest by a small sash window at the
end

end of it, looking into a little court and garden, surrounded with a quick hedge, and filled with flowers. The whole cottage, for it was still merely a cottage, had about it a look of neatness and comfort, which convinced Ethelinde it belonged not to a labourer; but nobody appeared about it; and as dark clouds, gathering on the tops of the hills, and a ruffling wind arising, made her apprehend a storm, she returned immediately by the path she came. Having however passed much more time than she was aware of, and the sky being extremely overcast with dark red clouds, which scowling over the lake gave to that and the surrounding rocks a peculiar gloom, she was afraid of being entirely benighted, and quickened her pace as much as possible. But the encreasing obscurity, and the unevenness of the way, made her progress slow; and she had yet a quarter of a mile to the abbey, when a scattering shower was followed by several loud claps
of

of thunder, which echoing among the fells, were returned again and again in repeated vibrations. Ethelinde, not without some degree of fear, walked on, keeping on her hat with difficulty; when her eyes, which were fixed on the ground, that she might discern her way, were quickly raised by the sudden appearance of a tall young man with a fishing net on his shoulder, and a boat hook in his hand, who, coming from the water, met her in a path so narrow that they both stopped. The stranger, who though in a dress calculated for the amusement he had been pursuing, had the air and look of a gentleman, seemed extremely surprised at meeting a young person of Ethelinde's appearance at such an hour and in such a place; yet immediately recollecting that she must come from Grasmere Abbey, and seeing that she stepped on fearfully, while the storm continued to encrease, he followed her a moment after he had passed her, and said—"You will not I hope think

think it impertinent, Madam, if I enquire whether I can be of any use to you? The storm is likely to be violent. Will you allow me to wait on you to the abbey? I fear you find it very difficult walking."

Ethelinde, who had been a good deal alarmed at his turning to follow her, was convinced the moment he spoke that he was a gentleman; and answered without hesitation, though in a voice that yet trembled with fear, "that she was much obliged to him, but that as she was very near the abbey, she could not think of giving him the trouble of going out of his way in such a night."

"My way," answered he, "is any in which I can be of the least service to you; I beg you will allow me at least to see you safe to the gate."

At this moment a tremendous burst of thunder made the rocks tremble to their base; and Ethelinde started, and almost fell, from the suddenness and violence of the shock.

"I must

“I must hope,” said the stranger, perceiving her terror, “that you will take my arm, without being deterred by the dirt of my dress, in which indeed I have been fishing since morning.”

Ethelinde, who was almost unable to walk, now accepted his offer; and with his assistance soon reached the gate of the lawn; where the moment they arrived Sir Edward and a servant appeared, though it was by this time so nearly dark that Ethelinde only knew it was the former by his calling aloud the moment he perceived somebody approach—“Is that Miss Chesterville? Is it Ethelinde?”

“It is, Sir Edward,” answered she, as she held out her hand to him.

“Where have you been?” cried he with great agitation. “I have been—we have been extremely terrified on your account.”

“I merely walked farther than I intended, and was overtaken by the thunder before I could get back. This gentleman

tleman has been so obliging as to take care of me part of the way."

"I thank him," said Sir Edward, with some degree of reserve. "Sir, will you do me the honour to walk into the house?"

"I am obliged to you, Sir," replied the stranger; "but it is late, and I live at some distance."

Then without waiting for farther invitation, seeing Ethelinde safe, he disappeared in a moment.

As the wind continued extremely high, and the thunder yet muttered among the hills, Sir Edward, with his arm round her waist, hurried Ethelinde into the house as quick as possible. When they got thither, he enquired if she was much terrified, or if her cloaths were wet. The rain however had been slight, and her terror was almost subsided; declining therefore any assistance, she went immediately into the room, where they were all at cards, and where she found
that

that the party had been that evening still farther augmented by the arrival of Lord Danesforte; a nobleman, who having been on a visit in Scotland, had heard that Sir Edward and Lady Newenden were at the abbey, and had unexpectedly paid them a visit.

The curiosity of Lord Danesforte had been strongly excited to know who Miss Chefterville was, about whom Sir Edward had been the whole evening so restless that he had with visible constraint acquitted himself of the honours of his house; and after sending four or five servants different ways, he had at length left his company, and gone out himself in search of her.

This Ethelinde, the object of so much anxiety, now appeared before him in a blaze of beauty which turned his Lordship's curiosity into admiration. Her complexion, which was frequently too pale, was raised to a deep blush. Her fear had given way to pleasure at the kindness
and

and attention of Sir Edward, and her whole countenance was animated by good humour; while the disorder of her hat, and her dark auburn hair, set off her face to more advantage than could have been done by the exactest arrangement or most studied ornament.

Sir Edward led her towards the table where Lady Newenden and Lord Danesforte were at cards, saying—"Help me, Maria, to quarrel with your cousin, and prevent her in future from rambling about of an evening to the alarm of all her friends."

"Settle it with her yourself, Sir Edward," answered her Ladyship coldly. "I never take upon me to argue with romantic young ladies on the peculiarity of their taste."

Ethelinde, accustomed to these sort of repulsive speeches from her cousin, now went towards the next table; while Lord Danesforte, who followed her with his eyes, said to Lady Newenden—

"Miss

“Miss Chesterville is then your Ladyship’s cousin?”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“I should have guessed so. She possesses a portion of the family beauty, so very conspicuous in Lady Newenden.”

“Do you think so,” replied she with a forced smile; “I really cannot think there is much resemblance. Not that I disclaim it, on account of any compliment it conveys, for in my mind Ethelinde is any thing but handsome.”

Lord Danesforte, finding that to praise one lady was to offend the other, turned the discourse by some delicate and well pointed compliment; but however he affected by words to give the preference to her Ladyship, his looks were again in quest of Ethelinde, who had sat down alone in a corner of the room; Sir Edward, disengaging himself from cards as quickly as he could, soon
after

after joined her, and talked to her till supper was announced. He enquired who the person was, who had taken care of her home? Ethelinde related simply how and where she had met him; while Sir Edward, gently chiding her for venturing so far as the village alone, made her promise that she would never again alarm him by the same kind of indiscretion.

During supper the discourse took a turn in which Ethelinde could bear very little part. Lord Danesforte had no opportunity of knowing whether her conversation and understanding answered to the spirit and intelligence which flashed from her eyes: his Lordship, seated near Lady Newenden, had not even an opportunity of addressing himself to her, who was next to Sir Edward, at the bottom of the table. But as the latter frequently spoke to her, he saw a variety of expression

in her face, which encreased his inclination to be more acquainted with her. He could not but observe the marked attention of Sir Edward; which, in addition to the extraordinary anxiety he had shewn while he believed her exposed to the thunder storm, put some notions into the head of Lord Danesforte not very favourable to that uniform and tender attachment which Sir Edward had always professed and supported towards his wife. As his Lordship was upon the turf, and had several horses with him, hunters and poneys, with which Miss Newenden was well acquainted, the conversation during supper ran principally on their various merits, and a match was made at her desire between him and Mr. Davenant; who were each to ride their own horses in the park the next day; and on the day following a party on the lake was proposed, which Lady Newenden

enden consented to join at the earnest entreaty of Lord Danesforte; but she declared that if the day was not perfectly warm, and the water perfectly calm, nothing should induce her to venture.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

LORD Danesforte inherited from his ancestors an immense fortune; and was one of those who seem, by the consent of their cotemporaries, to be the acknowledged leaders of fashion, and arbiters of taste. His houses, his equipages, his horses, his mistresses, his dinners, were the theme of the day, and had for some years made a conspicuous figure in those fleeting annals, which give in the eyes of trifling imbecility, a temporary consequence to dissipation and vice. He had received from nature a good understanding, and an handsome person; but he sacrificed the former in becoming the slave of opinion; and his intemperance had at the age of seven and twenty robbed his person of all the lightness, grace, and activity of youth, while

while his constitution was proportionably impaired. He plunged early into every species of debauchery to shew his spirit, and it was now become an invincible habit. But that facility of gratification which his great fortune gave him, made even his pleasures satiate and disgust him; and amid the luxuries with which he was surrounded, some new pursuit, some project which might pique and animate by the difficulty of success, was ever become necessary to his existence. When he had no such scheme before him, he hurried from place to place, weary of himself; and was now very slightly gratified by that species of fame, which his morals, his health, and much of his fortune, had been sacrificed to obtain.

Sir Edward Newenden, whose temper, morals and conduct were exactly the reverse of his Lordship's, had first known him at Eton, where the difference of their characters and ages, for Lord Danesfort was four years
his

his junior, had prevented any intimacy between them. They met afterwards abroad, where their acquaintance was renewed; and they had since occasionally visited, but without any particular friendship. The present visit of Lord Danesforte was paid rather because he knew not what else to do with himself, than from any regard for his hosts, and it was received by Sir Edward with more politeness than pleasure.

Lord Danesforte however found more attraction at the abbey than he expected, and determined to remain there for some days. Davenant, fitted by his vanity for a pupil, and by his ignorance for a dupe; Lady Newenden, lovely in her person, and vain in her disposition, with a mind open to the insinuations of flattery, and an heart insensible to every thing but the impression received through that medium; were subjects, fitted at once to entertain him at present, and promise him those pursuits in future, in which he most delighted to engage. Flattered as he was by the silly imitation

imitation of weak and unexperienced young men; and eager after that sort of fashion which arises from supposed intrigue.

His Lordship however no sooner saw Ethelinde than every other motive was forgotten, which had on his first arrival recommended Grasmere Abbey. Youth, beauty, spirit, sweetness, understanding; every charm which could attract admiration, he found in her; but marriage was no part of his scheme of life: and as soon as he knew who she was, he knew also that she was too well protected by her father, her brother, and Sir Edward, to give him much chance of getting her into his power. But the difficulty of carrying any favourite point was never an inducement with him to relinquish it; and he was seldom so happy as when engaged in some pursuit which occupied all those talents that were given him for very different and more worthy purposes.

Notwithstanding the attention he was obliged to pay to Lady Newenden, he found

several opportunities of conversing with Ethelinde, and was convinced that her understanding was at least equal to her personal charms: the pensive softness which at first appeared the leading feature in her character, frequently yielded to the most animated vivacity; and her manners and conversation soon made indelible the impression which had been received from her captivating form. In making these observations it was impossible to help remarking that Sir Edward Newenden had made them before: Lord Danesforte indeed immediately saw that he was much more strongly attached to her than their alliance by his marriage with her cousin authorised; and he fancied that Ethelinde knew and was not insensible of his partiality. A mind like his was incapable of feeling the variety and innocence of those affections towards an amiable man which might have place in a bosom so ingenuous and untainted as hers. Esteem for his character, gratitude for his kindness, and the

the tenderness of a sister for his person, were blended in her heart, and she loved and preferred him to all other men (after her father and her brother) with the same purity as an angel might have loved him. Far from attempting to conceal this affection, she spoke of him on all occasions as the first of men; delighted in calling him her dear friend, and in repeating how well and how fortunately her cousin had chosen, when she rejected higher titles and more splendid fortunes for happiness and Sir Edward Newenden.

Alas! of this happiness her cousin was entirely insensible. Her ample fortune had drawn around her a number of lovers, among whom were three noblemen, whose rank was their only recommendation: at the same time Sir Edward Newenden being obliged to sell two of his estates immediately on the death of his father, entered into treaty with Mr. Maltravers, who was then making considerable purchases in the neighbourhood, and by that

means was introduced to his daughter, then about seventeen. However embarrassed his father had left him, he had determined never to attempt retrieving his affairs by a marriage made merely with that view; but when he saw in Miss Maltravers a person and a face which would have attracted his notice, had their possessor been destitute of fortune, he could not help reflecting on the great advantage which would arise from a union where his interest and his taste would at once be consulted. With diffidence however he made his proposals, apprehending that the disarranged state of his fortune would be an insurmountable objection; but Miss Maltravers, who thought him infinitely the handsomest man she had ever seen, accepted him without hesitation: and her father, who had no will but hers, immediately complied; gratified perhaps with the power of restoring an antient family to its original splendour; and more flattered by the prospect of raising the rank of him to whom he married

married his daughter, by the power and influence his fortune gave him, than by uniting her with a man already of a superior rank. Mrs. Maltravers, glad to have her daughter disposed of, that she might herself be under less restraint, acquiesced willingly; and after a very short courtship Sir Edward carried off the opulent heiress from his numerous rivals.

Lady Newenden entering on a world of which till then she had seen very little, found herself every where the object of admiration and envy. Her vanity alone was more powerful than the habitual indolence of her temper; and the only thing which did not fatigue her, was flattery. Dissipation soon became necessary to her vacant mind; and estranged her from that domestic style of life in which only Sir Edward was happy. He saw with pain that even his children failed of detaching her from those frivolous pursuits which were to him not only uninteresting but disagreeable, yet he continued to gratify

her in every with she formed; and though he was himself unhappy, relinquished his own satisfaction to her content. This painful sacrifice she considered as no more than what she had a right to exact; and Sir Edward, who really loved her, forbore to complain even to her father, though compelled to pass every winter in London in a perpetual hurry of engagements, and the summer at some of the various places of public resort, instead of being suffered to enjoy the company of his children at one of his own houses. His love however was long proof against these differences of taste; the children, of whom he was passionately fond, endeared their mother to him; and though his plan of happiness was destroyed, his tenderness had survived almost undiminished, till the observations he was forced to make during this journey; when repeated malignity towards Ethelinde, and attempts to inflict pain on himself, had shewn such a general deficiency in those feelings which only can secure
either

either love or esteem, as obliged him internally to acknowledge, though still reluctantly he acknowledged it, that his Maria had no heart.

Conscious of this decrease of his affection, and almost fearing to ask himself whether the attractions of another object had not too much contributed to it, while every principle of honour reproached him for indulging the partiality he felt, he determined not only to attempt conquering his fondness for the company of Ethelinde, but most carefully to avoid every occasion of shewing it had ever existed. He had been so much off his guard on the evening when he apprehended she was exposed to the thunder storm, that Lady Newenden had remarked it with some asperity, and he now wished to appear as indifferent about her as about the most uninteresting person of the party; but he succeeded so ill, at least before the penetrating eyes of Lord Danesforte, that his Lordship was only amazed Lady

Newenden noticed it so little. The trembling sensibility with which he heard her praises; the expression of his eyes whenever they were turned towards Ethelinde; all testified how deep and tender an interest he felt in all that related to her.

The gaiety, the assiduity and adulation of Lord Danesforte, had not only restored Lady Newenden to her good humour, but engaged her to enter into the amusements which the neighbourhood of Grafmere Abbey afforded; and the party made for going in boats on the lake remained fixed. The day was extremely favourable; a gentle wind, sufficient only to fill the sails, fluttered on the surface of the water. In one of the boats Lord Danesforte's servants formed a concert: in the other the ladies sung, while the gentlemen sometimes joined them, and sometimes interrupted them with fine speeches. Laughter seemed more the object than the pleasure arising from surveying the surrounding scenery; and after remaining about an hour, Lady
Newenden

Newenden complained that the wind was cold, and desired to be put on shore. Sir Edward, one of the gentlemen, and two of the ladies, accompanied her: Miss Newenden, Mr. Davenant, with Lord Danesforte and the rest of the London party, remained in the boat, into which two of the servants were taken, who were directed to put the boat back into the middle of the Lake, it being the purpose of the gentlemen to fish.

The servant however who managed the boat was inexpert; and Lord Danesforte, particularly impatient in trifles, seized the boat hook, and swearing furiously at his people, pushed it off with such violence that the sail was entangled in the boughs of a tree which grew over the creek where they landed; and he continuing to force the boat on, the sail was suddenly disentangled with such a shock, that Ethelinde, who had involuntarily arisen, was dashed instantly into the water.

Sir Edward, as he saw her fall, was about

to rush in after her; but recollecting that with boots on he could not save her, he called to the servants who were on shore to tear them off while he disengaged himself from his coat. In the mean time Lord Danesforte with a torrent of oaths ordered his servants to save her, as they valued their own lives. The men however hesitated; and Sir Edward had already thrown himself in, when a person was seen to approach the landing place, swimming with one arm, while with the other he bore Ethelinde, to all appearance dead. Sir Edward assisted him in bringing her on shore, where the stranger seated himself on the grass, and supported her. Though she had been hardly five minutes in the water, she was quite insensible; and Sir Edward, concluding she was dead, forbore with the utmost difficulty to express the violence of his grief and despair.

Lord Danesforte and his servants were by this time landed and surrounding her; while the stranger, seated on the grass, supported

ported her in his arms; and Sir Edward collected presence of mind enough to give orders for a chair to be brought, that she might be conveyed into the house. The ladies of the party, affecting great terror, thought more of expressing it in the most becoming manner, than of assisting her who had occasioned it. Lady Newenden insisted upon fainting; but as nobody seemed disposed to attend to her, she very prudently contented herself with the appearance of it only. Miss Newenden, who on most occasions preserved her composure, collected from the rest their smelling bottles, which she never carried herself, and applied them to the temples and nose of Ethelinde, who, “like a fair lilly over-
“charged with rain” reclined her lovely head on the shoulder of the stranger, while Sir Edward continued chafing her hands, and giving a thousand orders in a moment.

In a short time several servants arrived from the abbey; Lady Newenden’s wo-

men attended on her; but Mrs. Dickenson the housekeeper applied herself to have Ethelinde conveyed to the house, which by means of an armed chair was easily accomplished; and the motion, together with the application which had been used, restored her to some degree of sensibility. She opened her eyes, but seemed unconscious of the surrounding objects, and immediately closed them. Sir Edward, satisfied that she yet lived, recovered some degree of recollection, and enquired after Lady Newenden, who was however so much offended with the solicitude he had shewn about Ethelinde, and the risk he had incurred by his attempt to save her, that she deigned not to answer his questions; but bidding him go to those whose life was of more consequence than hers, haughtily retired to her own apartment. Sir Edward then recollected the young man who had shewn so much courage and activity; who, unnoticed and uninvited, had followed the chair into the house, and now waited in
the

the hall to hear the event of an accident, which but for him would probably have been fatal. Sir Edward, who as well as the gallant stranger remained trembling in wet cloaths, now went in search of him, and taking his hand, expressed in the warmest terms his gratitude and esteem.

“Allow me to ask, Sir,” said he, “the name of the gentleman to whom we are so much obliged, and where I may offer him my repeated thanks?”

“My name is Montgomery, Sir. I live at the village on the lake,”

The young stranger bowing, was then about to depart; but Sir Edward pressed him to come into the house, change his cloaths, and take some refreshment, adding that he could not think of parting so early with a person to whom he was so much obliged.

“Pardon me, Sir,” replied Mr. Montgomery, “if I now decline staying; as to my cloaths, their condition is of little consequence; I am almost an amphibious animal.

animal. But my mother will perhaps hear some indistinct account of the disaster, and may be alarmed. I dare not therefore stay to hazard giving her that pain. Any other time I shall consider myself as highly honoured in being allowed to pay my respects at Grasmere Abbey."

He then enquired into the situation of Ethelinde, and hearing she was much restored, he expressed his pleasure at so favourable an account, bowed and disappeared across the lawn.

Sir Edward then again went to the door of Ethelinde's apartment; and hearing she was in bed, much recovered and tranquillized, he became more easy; and having changed his cloaths, prepared with some degree of calmness and resolution to meet the reproaches and ill humours of Lady Newenden. She received him with mingled contempt and anger, reproached him in the bitterest terms for his rashness in attempting to save Ethelinde, and for his disregard of herself; and concluded
with

with accusing herself of extreme folly in having encumbered herself with Ethelinde, who was accustomed, she said, to be made of so much consequence by her infatuated father, that she was become troublesome to every body else, and spoiled every party into which she was admitted.

Sir Edward was not less astonished at the violence that at the unfeeling injustice of this accusation; but to avoid any argument on a subject which he feared he might not discuss with temper, he withdrew, only desiring her to compose her spirits and dismiss her terror. The truth was, that Lady Newenden, sufficiently piqued at the attention Sir Edward gave to her cousin, which her pride prevented her from noticing to him, was yet more displeased at observing that though Lord Danesforte affected to be very assiduous in his attendance on her, he extremely admired the beauty of Ethelinde; and though her Ladyship would not then have cared, had she been assured that she should never have
seen

seen him again, yet could she not endure that a connoisseur in beauty should find charms in another while she was present; and irritated against Ethelinde, whom she had never loved, by her thus monopolizing admiration, she could no longer prevail upon herself to treat her with even the slight share of civility she had hitherto shewn her.

At the time of the hazardous accident that had befallen Ethelinde, Davenant had been so far from shewing any lover-like solicitude, that his whole attention had been occupied by the care of avoiding any disaster himself; for making his way on shore with as much care as expedition, he buttoned up his coat, tied another handkerchief over his immense neckcloth, and walked about with his teeth chattering and his hands in his pockets, without any attempt to assist the terrified party around him; till Miss Newenden, perfectly mistress of herself, gave him a smart blow on the shoulder with her open hand, crying,
“ Why

“Why, Tom! are you petrified, man? Come, come, prithee do something for these poor drowned wretches. Do run to the house, and hasten the people out with assistance.” Willing to make his escape, Davenant gladly obeyed her.

The feelings of Lord Danesforte took quite another turn. As soon as he was convinced Ethelinde was not dead, his rage against his servants, for an accident owing wholly to his own unguarded violence, broke out anew. He loaded them with abuse, uttered against them the most horrid imprecations, particularly vented his wrath against his own gentleman, on whom he threw the blame of what had happened; and having sworn at him for above half an hour, he went to his apartment to dress.

Lady Newenden however appeared not that evening. The others, who, except Miss Newenden, were of that class of women who have no peculiar lines of character, but who dress fashionably, talk fashionably,

ably, and fill up public places, had each of them displayed her elegant attitudes and fine feelings, and now renewed their solicitude about the fair sufferer; though had they been assured of the impossibility of her recovery, not one of them would have felt the least concern.

Not so Sir Edward.—The accident had served to shew him all the violence of that attachment to Ethelinde, which he had so long and so vainly attempted to stifle. Thrown entirely off his guard by her danger, he feared he had betrayed to others the sensations he had felt with so much violence, but he could now only determine anew to check, if it was yet possible, this dangerous passion; or if that was no longer in his power, to conceal it for ever from those whose peace it might so irreparably injure.

He was struck with the extraordinary coincidence of accident which had twice thrown Montgomery in the way of Ethelinde; as he immediately knew him to be
the

the same young man who had attended her home in the evening of the storm. Whence he came, or to whom he belonged, Sir Edward was yet to learn; but it was impossible to see him without wishing to know more of him.

Ethelinde being the next day tolerably recovered by the care of Mrs. Dickenson, was able to sit up, but not to leave her room. Lady Newenden enquired after her only by a cold message; and Sir Edward, however desirous of seeing her, determined to deny himself that gratification; and to obliterate the memory of his past extravagant transports, by behaving now with as much calm civility as if Ethelinde had only on his heart the claim of a relation of his wife's; and in this resolution he had the forbearance to remain for four and twenty hours.

CHAPTER V.

DAVENANT had heard Lord Danesfort repeatedly declare, that of all the women he had ever seen, Ethelinde was the loveliest.—“And if,” said his Lordship, “I was a *marrying* man, I should prefer her to all others for a wife.” These sort of speeches from a man whose taste was universally acknowledged, and whose manners and opinions were the objects of Davenant’s imitation, had a great effect on him; and he began to consider whether he might not himself obtain Ethelinde, whose beauty his eyes had acknowledged, though he was insensible of her superior attractions. In consequence of this idea, he became suddenly very solicitous about her health, and heard with great apparent concern, that in consequence of her accident she had a cold, attended with a great degree of fever.

fever. Sir Edward, whom these symptoms threw into real agonies, had on their first appearance sent for the best advice the country afforded ; but Ethelinde, who by no means believed herself so ill as his fears made him imagine, was notwithstanding glad of an opportunity to remain a few days in her own room, where she was plentifully supplied with books, and where Sir Edward, unable to resist the pleasure of being with her, and fancying that Lady Newenden noticed it not, sat with her sometimes for an hour, and renewed those conversations which she so much preferred to the mixed, desultory, and uninteresting trifling of the large party below. On the accident, she reflected with no other sensation than that of gratitude to her gallant deliverer, and concern for the terror her friends had on her account suffered. Her acknowledgments to heaven were rather for the preservation of a life dear and necessary to her father, than because it appeared to her to be of great value. The quick-
ness

ness of her feelings had already taught her, that its pains were greater than its pleasures; and naturally chearful as her temper was, a sort of presentiment of future misfortune frequently gave a cast of sadness to her mind, and oppressed an heart hitherto unconscious of those passions which prey so forcibly on acute sensibility. This disposition she had made it a point of duty to check in the presence of her father; but now she yielded to it almost imperceptibly; and the moments she passed along with Sir Edward, were particularly tinged with this tender melancholy—which, delicious as it was to both, was full of danger to him, who, escaping from vapid and irksome company, found it doubly delightful to lay out his whole soul in the soft and sensible society of Ethelinde.

On the fourth day, however, she found herself well enough to quit her room. Lady Newenden received her with her usual haughty indifference: Miss Newenden, wholly engrossed by other matters,
hardly

hardly recollected that she was among them, while Lord Danesforte, in her delicate and interesting languor, in the glow which some remains of fever gave to her cheeks, and in the subdued brilliancy of her eyes, had subjects of increased admiration, which he as much as possible concealed. Davenant, as if to make her forget the little attention he had formerly shewn her, was now officiously polite, and entered in form on all the assiduity of a professed lover : Lord Danesforte, who piqued himself on the deepest politics, had by this time persuaded him, that he had been long and violently in love with Miss Chesterville, and that he ought immediately to attempt securing an interest in her heart. His Lordship saw that she had conceived no favourable opinion of Davenant ; but as he heard of no attachment to any other person, he doubted not but the splendour of such a fortune as he would now in a few months be possessed of, would obviate every other objection ; and that
when

when she was the wife of such a man, she would of course be introduced into societies where she would soon be taught, that to love or respect him was by no means necessary;—and no longer under the protection of her father, of her brother, or Sir Edward, he had little doubt of being able to avail himself of the interest which he concluded he might then make in her heart.

While all he saw of Ethelinde increased the impatience with which he desired the accomplishment of this plan, she was solicitous for an opportunity of thanking Mr. Montgomery for the timely assistance he had afforded her. She had yet hardly seen him. On the night they had first met it was almost dark; on their second meeting, she saw nothing; and though the following day he had been at the Abbey to make inquiry after her, she was not then visible. The ladies, however, who had seen him, and particularly Miss Newenden (though much more conversant in the per-
fection

fection of an horse, than in human beauty) had been warm in praise of his figure. One compared it to that of the Apollo Belvedere; a second to a young Mercury; Miss Newenden wished to see him on horseback, adding that she never saw so tall a man so perfectly graceful; and another lady, who was the best read and most romantic among them, repeated

“ His eyes are like the Eagle’s, yet sometimes

“ Liker the doves; and as he pleases, win

“ All hearts with softness, or with spirit awe.”

It was impossible for Ethelinde to hear all this and repress her curiosity, which now became even painful to her. Four days had passed since she left her chamber, and in every one of them she had flattered herself she should see him: but still he came not, and all the information she could gain about him was, that he lived with his mother at the pleasant cottage she had remarked in the village; that they were believed to be natives of Scotland;

but were known to hardly any person in the neighbourhood of Grasmere, which, however, they never left but once a year, when they went for a few weeks to visit some relations in the highlands. Ethelinde at length began to despair of seeing him, as the whole party were to go in three days, and Lady Newenden had determined to accompany them as far as Scarborough, where they proposed remaining some weeks. Her cold, which was accompanied by a troublesome cough, had detained her from her usual walks for the first four or five days; but at the end of that time she determined to renew them, not without a latent hope, that if she went towards the lake, chance might again throw him in her way. Davenant now took it into his head to be her constant attendant; Lord Danesforte, though he greatly wished it, dared not hazard losing his favour with Lady Newenden; and Sir Edward was compelled to be more than ever attentive to his wife, lest he should betray the real situation

situation of his heart, and confirm the suspicions she had proudly and darkly hinted.

Ethelinde, with Davenant for her attendant, had advanced on a fine evening to the village; but no Montgomery appeared. As she came within sight of the cottage, she felt an irresistible inclination to enter it. "And why should I not," said she, arguing it with herself; "ought I to quit the country without acknowledging the obligation I owe to Mr. Montgomery? surely no. There can be no impropriety in my waiting on his mother; there will be an apparent want of gratitude, if without expressing it, I go where I shall never have an opportunity of saying that I am sensible of the obligation." In a few moments she had argued herself into the most perfect conviction of the propriety of what she was desirous to do, and pursued the path which led to the cottage. Entering the little wicket in the fence which divided the garden from the village-street, she tapped gently at the door.

The moment they waited for admittance was employed by Davenant in remonstrating against this visit. "Why should you visit this young man," said he. "I do not believe he is a person of consequence enough to make it necessary. Besides, I should think it not quite correct: had you not better write to thank him, and all that sort of thing?"

"That sort of thing," answered Ethelinde, smiling, "is not the sort of thing that appears sufficiently expressive of my gratitude towards the man who has saved my life." The argument was put an end to by the appearance of a maid servant, who to Ethelinde's enquiries answered that Mr. Montgomery was not in the house, but that her Mistress was in the parlour; the door of which she immediately opened, and a lady very plainly dressed, yet elegantly neat, rose at their entrance.

Ethelinde, with the grace and sweetness peculiar to her, approached, and desired she might have the honour of leaving with her

her the thanks she owed Mr. Montgomery, for a very seasonable exertion of his gallantry and good nature?"

Mrs. Montgomery, who had felt a momentary surprise at the entrance of such visitors, answered, with all that ease which accompanies perfect good breeding, that her son was extremely fortunate in having had it in his power to be useful to her; then entreating her and Mr. Davenant to sit down, she entered into conversation with them; and if Ethelinde was at first surprised by her air and manner, in a place where she expected only rustic simplicity, or the over-acted complaisance of the last century, she was still more so at the knowledge of the world, the correctness of language, and the charms of address, which Mrs. Montgomery so eminently possessed. Her person was as interesting as her conversation; her figure, though she appeared to be four or five and forty, was graceful yet feminine, and her face, though wan and faded, was illuminated by eyes so

full of expression, that it was impossible to help considering how dazzlingly handsome she must have been in the early part of her life. Ethelinde, more charmed with her than with any person she had ever seen, would have forgotten in a few moments that Davenant was with her, had not Mrs. Montgomery occasionally addressed herself to him. Davenant however felt awkward and constrained; and qualified to speak only on the passing trifles of the day, was out of his element with those to whom other topics were familiar; while Ethelinde was in that most congenial to her; and being every moment more pleased with her new acquaintance, near two hours had passed away almost imperceptibly, when Mrs. Montgomery exclaimed "here is my son," and he immediately entered.

"Charles," said his mother, "Miss Chesterville has had the goodness to come hither to thank you for the trifling service you were so happy as to render her."

"Miss

“ Miss Chesterville,” replied he, advancing, “ does me too much honor : the happiness of having been in any degree useful to her must ever be reckoned among the most fortunate occurrences of my life.”

Prepossessed as Ethelinde was in his favor, his figure and address exceeded all that an imagination somewhat romantic had formed of his personal advantages. His face was indeed so uncommonly handsome, that had not his complexion been heightened by his manner of life, and by being exposed continually to the air, it would have had the blooming lustre of feminine beauty. His features however were strong without being harsh ; his eyes dark blue, with a spirit in them unusual to that colour, and his luxuriant hair of the brightest brown. The expression of his countenance was so ingenuous, so interesting, and his form so perfectly answered every idea of an hero, that had her eyes only been consulted it was impossible to deny

him the preference to all the men she had ever seen. In addition to these exterior advantages she beheld the most captivating address, and those manners which are produced only by a liberal education acting on an excellent understanding. She could not repress her admiration; nor help enquiring by what caprice of fortune it was, that a man so fitted to dignify and adorn society, should thus be concealed in a remote corner of the world, forgotten or neglected by those who ought to take a pride in cherishing his talents and producing his virtues.

The lapse of time was no longer perceived by Ethelinde. Mrs. Montgomery and her son seemed equally insensible of its flight. But Davenant, always apprehensive of personal inconvenience, seeing it quite dark, ventured gently to remind her that it was eight o'clock, and that they should have only the moon to conduct them home. Obligated to attend at length to a repetition of this remonstrance,

france, Ethelinde arose, and in taking leave of Mrs. Montgomery, entreated permission to pass another hour with her before she quitted Grasmere Abbey, which must now be in a few days. Mrs. Montgomery expressed her pleasure at the proposal, adding—"Indeed, my dear Miss Chesterville, your intention is particularly flattering. It is, seldom the amiable and well informed are found in so remote a country as this; still more rarely that the young, the gay, and lovely, will voluntarily quit more lively society to pass their hours with those whom choice or calamity have separated from the world.

She pronounced these words in a tone which would have convinced Ethelinde, had she not by other remarks been assured of it, that the exile to which this amiable woman had devoted herself, was rather of necessity than choice; and with increased curiosity Ethelinde was anxious to know, what had compelled her to abandon a world where her talents and

virtues must have made her respected and beloved, and why her son was thus buried in obscurity. The lateness of the hour which had alarmed the delicacy of Davenant, who was more fearful of catching cold than the most tender woman, was an additional motive to Montgomery to attend Ethelinde home; and when she besought him not to take a trouble so needless, he answered—"Rather call my attendance a luxury which it would be extreme cruelty to deny me. A walk by moon light on the borders of Grasmere Water with Miss Chesterville is an happiness which no man can hope to enjoy above once in his life."

They proceeded then towards the abbey, Davenant offering his arm, which Ethelinde, as she usually did, declined; and almost immediately the irresistible inclination she felt to enjoy the conversation and secure the favourable opinion of Montgomery, so far conquered her natural

ral good breeding, that Davenant, a being always indifferent to her, now entirely escaped from her mind; and while she listened to the remarks of Montgomery, replete with natural taste and poetical enthusiasm, she found them so much in unison with her own feelings, that the universe seemed to hold nothing else worthy of her attention: and when on their arriving at the gate of the park Montgomery stopped, reminded her of her promise to see his mother, and, wishing her a good night, suddenly disappeared across the lawn, she had hardly courage to return his parting compliment; but feeling disheartened and unhappy, walked silently into the house, uninterrupted by Davenant, who, piqued at her neglect of himself, and mortified at the preference she had shewn to a young man whom he considered as a mere peasant, spoke not; she went sullenly to join the company, while she retired to her own room.

“ Where

“Where is Ethelinde?” enquired Sir Edward of Davenant.

“She is come in,” replied he; “and that young Montgomery walked home with her.”

“And is he here now?” asked Sir Edward.

“No; he left Miss Chesterville at the gate.”

“Well Tom, and what do you think of him?” said Miss Newenden; “is he not a pretty fellow?”

“As to that, Ma’am, I have no skill in judging of gentlemen’s beauty.”

“I’ll swear,” cried she, “Tom Davenant is envious of him. He knows that there is not any of his dressing, lounging tonish friends half so well looking. As to Tom himself, he has no chance in the world. All the misses hereabouts are dying for this Adonis of the North.”

“Upon my word, Ma’am,” said Davenant, reddening with anger and vexation,

ation, "I never put myself on a footing in any respect with this person, who may or may not be a gentleman; and as for the misses you speak of, I have no ambition to rival him in their favor."

"Pooh," said Sir Edward, "you are not so very young I hope Tom, as to mind Eleanor's rattling; but where is Ethelinde; is she not well?"

At this moment however she entered the room. Sir Edward dared not express the pleasure which the sight of her always gave him; but not being able to forbear examining her face, he thought he saw in it a peculiar expression of sadness; and when Lord Danesforte addressed her, of confusion. His Lordship rallied her on her *gratitude*; enquired how she approved on land of the young man who had been so fortunate in another element; and enquired sneeringly what was Mr. Montgomery's establishment?

Ethelinde

Ethelinde had no spirits to laugh away this attack, but answered with a languid and forced smile; and before supper came in complained that her walk had fatigued her, and went to her own apartment.

C H A P.

CHAPTER VI.

THE temper of Davenant, though it appeared to have no strong bias, was yet much tinged with that mean jealousy, the infirmity of narrow minds, which cannot bear the success of another, even in points wherein they really feel no other interest than that which arises from the repining malignity of conscious inferiority towards eminent abilities, beauty or fortune. The praises which had been bestowed on Montgomery had imparted to the heart of Davenant this species of corrosive discontent. He neither loved Ethelinde or any human being but himself; but the envy he conceived against Montgomery, whom he considered as a man without fortune and without pretensions, prompted him with redoubled solicitude to pursue Ethelinde; and determined him, by professing himself
her

her lover, to convince Montgomery that he must no longer presumptuously aspire to the honour of her notice. This resolution being strengthened by the advice of Lord Danesforte, Davenant addressed himself the next morning to Sir Edward, in some confusion owned his partiality to Miss Chesterville, and desired his interest and that of Lady Newenden to promote his suit.

Sir Edward, who had long since ceased to think of this alliance, received this avowal with a good deal of surprise; and not being able immediately to determine on an answer, he begged Davenant to give him a day to think of it.

As soon as he was alone he began to reflect on the situation of Ethelinde, and to call his own heart to an account for the painful sensations he felt at the very idea of her being married to another. "Is she not likely," said he, "to be left in indigence if her father should die? Has she a mind capable of bearing dependance?"

What

What right have I to obstruct a marriage which would secure her affluence; and why should I obstruct it? Can she ever be mine? Do I even wish it? Am I villain enough to entertain any other designs; and is not my affection for her as pure as her own gentle heart? Let me then promote this marriage, since it will be so advantageous for her. Yet to whom would I give her?—to Davenant! Has *he* an heart capable of feeling her value? Is he a man with whom Ethelinde can be happy? And may I not, instead of promoting her felicity, betray her into the most insupportable of all miseries?" These reflections rapidly succeeding each other, still left Sir Edward undecided and unhappy; when a servant, who had been sent to the post, delivered to him the following letter:

Cleveland-Row, Sept. 4, 17—.

"My Dear Sir,

"Particular and most unpleasant circumstances oblige me to solicit the favour of you to send my daughter back to me

as soon as possible. I will not, dear Sir Edward, attempt to conceal my situation from you—the unhappy conduct of my son, added to an unfavourable turn in my affairs, has involved me I fear beyond all recovery.

“ I know not what it may be necessary for me to do, but at all events my Ethelinde will console and assist me. Do not however shock her, by telling her my reasons for wishing her to return before her cousin; but rather give any that you think will be plausible, and save her at least some days of fruitless uneasiness. To your friendship I leave the regulation of her journey; only entreating you to restore, as expeditiously as you can, the blessing of her presence to your faithful and devoted servant,

H. CHESTERVILLE.”

This letter completed the uneasiness of Sir Edward. It convinced him of what he had long suspected—that Chesterville's affairs were in an unhappy situation, and
that

that Ethelinde would be portionless. Unable to determine whether he should take immediate measures for complying with her father's request, or inform him of Davenant's proposal, his mind grew more perturbed; to have time to discuss this point at liberty, he ordered his horse and rode out.

Miss Newenden was gone out early; but Davenant did not as usual accompany her, and was engaged in a match at billiards with Lord Danesforte. Lady Newenden and some of the ladies were looking on, but Ethelinde was as usual in her own room. The game was become very interesting; for Lord Danesforte, on whose success Lady Newenden had betted, had already won very considerably, when the servants introduced Mr. Montgomery. Davenant, vexed at his ill success, turned pale at the sight of him. The ladies received him with politeness; and Lord Danesforte, with that careless familiarity with which he generally treated his inferiors.

riors. After a slight bow, and your servant Sir, to Montgomery, he turned again to Davenant, and desired him to continue his play; and Montgomery advancing towards Lady Newenden, enquired whether he might be allowed the honour of speaking to Miss Chesterville? The haughty and insensible Lady Newenden could not preserve her coldness towards him, so very enchanting was his address, but answered that Miss Chesterville should immediately be summoned. She then rang the bell, and desired a servant to call Ethelinde.

At the idea of seeing Montgomery again, all her spirits were in alarm: her heart beat quick; her hands trembled as she would have opened the door of the billiard room. Conscious of her emotion, she stopped a moment to recover her spirits; but finding her tremor increase, she found it useless to hesitate, and entering, made to Montgomery, who immediately approached her,

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an inarticulate compliment about his mother.

“My mother, Madam,” said he, “apprehensive that you might quit this part of the world before she can have the honour of waiting on you here, presumes to enquire whether without her returning the visit with which you honoured her, she may really hope to see you again. The rheumatic complaint under which she occasionally suffered, returned again last night with some increase; and prevented her from making any attempt to thank you for the favour you did her yesterday. Understanding that in a few days the family depart, she fears that she may see you no more: suffer me then, who am also deeply interested in the enquiry, to ask if she is likely indeed to be so unfortunate?”

“Indeed I never thought of standing on the ceremony of Mrs. Montgomery’s returning my visit; but intended this evening to have waited on her again.”

“And you still, I hope, intend it; and will

will suffer me to be the welcome messenger of such your obliging intentions. May I say to her, that at an early hour in the afternoon she may expect to see you?

To this Ethelinde answering in the affirmative, Montgomery remained a few moments longer, which he passed in addressing himself to Lady Newenden and her friends, and then took his leave.

“What a very pretty young man,” exclaimed one of the ladies; “one wonders how he has acquired such manners here; or having elsewhere acquired them, how he came here.”

“Probably,” replied another, “a natural son of some man of fashion.”

“Miss Chesterville then,” said Lord Danesforte, malignantly smiling, “has made a fortunate acquisition in the acquaintance of his mother.”

This remark, and the manner in which it was delivered, extremely hurt Ethelinde: such a suspicion had never occurred to her: and tho’ she was persuaded

it

it was false, yet could she not stifle or conceal the pain it gave her.

“Why does your Lordship believe—or why do you, Madam, believe—that Mr. Montgomery—that Mrs. Montgomery—” She hesitated, blushed, and was unable to go on.

“Nay I believe nothing about it, and know nothing,” replied his Lordship; “how indeed should I?”

“Nor do I,” said the lady, “positively believe any thing about it; only such a young man seems not to be the son of a mere farmer or such a sort of person. He has had a good education and certainly has something of fashion about him—that is—something that bespeaks him descended from no plebeian race.”

“I thought,” said Ethelinde, “that you had understood as I did, that he was descended from a younger branch of the noble family of his name in Scotland, and that his mother was a native of that country.”

“Did any body tell us so?” said Lady Newenden.

Newenden. "I really had forgotten it, but now I recollect, I think somebody said so to Sir Edward. As to myself, Ethy knows I never pretend to dictate, otherwise I should say that she runs some risque of repentance in thus engaging in an acquaintance with people in an equivocal situation."

"It is at least a proof of Miss Chesterville's liberality of sentiment," rejoined Lord Danesforte. "But you know that sometimes people of a certain style make acquaintance at water-drinking places, which are almost always dropped the next winter; and Miss Chesterville becoming known to Mr. Montgomery and his mama nearly in the same manner, she doubtless means so to drop them".

This, which was intended for a lively sally, was received with much applause by the ladies; and by Davenant, who laughed louder and longer than any body at all his Lordship's bon mots. Their mirth was not interrupted by the entrance of Sir Edward, whose

whose air of chagrin and uneasiness was unnoticed, or at least unattended to, while the party repeated to him the very good thing which had dropped from my Lord.

Ethelinde however had left the room; and the company soon after dispersing to dress, Sir Edward was again at liberty to ruminate on the subject which had occupied his thoughts the whole morning, and to which the mention of Montgomery had added a new source of meditation.

He knew that Ethelinde had so much sense, and a mind so much under the dominion of reason, that there was less reason than with the generality of young women, to fear she would improperly fix her affections: yet he also knew that she had great sensibility, and a very warm and tender heart. When to the advantages of person which Montgomery possessed, the circumstance was added of her owing to him her life, a recollection which could not fail of producing the liveliest gratitude in her bosom, Sir Edward could not but dread the

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consequence of her frequently seeing him: yet he could neither determine earnestly to encourage her union with Davenant; nor had he yet collected courage enough to tell her that her return to her father was immediately necessary.

This uneasy indecision continued during dinner. Ethelinde came down in her hat, as if equipped for her walk; and on something being said which led to it, Davenant asked her, with all the courage he could assume, whether he might have the good fortune to attend her.

“No, Sir—I thank you,” was her only answer.

“You will not surely walk alone, Miss Chesterville?” said Sir Edward.

“Why not, Sir; what have I to fear?”

“The darkness of the evening, which now closes in very soon. Pardon me, but it seems to me very improper.”

The gravity with which these words were pronounced surprised Ethelinde, who said,

said, "Do you indeed, Sir Edward, object to my going?"

"Alone, I certainly do."

"Then if Lady Newenden can spare one of the footmen, I shall beg to borrow one for the walk."

"Oh! you may take which you will," answered her Ladyship: "but do not you pay Davenant a very ill compliment, when he so gallantly offers to attend you?"

"Not at all," replied Ethelinde, conquering her vexation; "though I hold myself bound to pay the trifling attention of a visit to Mrs. Montgomery, in consequence of the obligation I owe her son; yet, as Mr. Davenant feels no such necessity, why should I, by accepting of his offer to attend me, subject *him* to the possible inconvenience of forming an improper acquaintance."

This answer turned the laugh against Davenant; who, thoroughly sulky, received it with a very ill grace. The footman was ordered to attend Miss Chesterville, and

Sir Edward tried to see her depart without betraying farther symptoms of the real state of his mind; and forcing himself into the amusements that were going on in his wife's drawing room, attempted to pass the evening without thinking of Ethelinde. He attempted it however in vain; and all his efforts, though they seemed to conceal his pain from others, had no power to conquer its acuteness even for a moment.

When Ethelinde arrived at the cottage of Mrs. Montgomery, she found her alone, and delighted with the pleasure of seeing her young friend. The first interview indeed had been decisive. That irresistible attraction which the sensible and ingenuous feel towards a character congenial with their own, that secret sympathy which the selfish and narrow minded frequently consider as the effect of romantic enthusiasm, had already attached them to each other; and this second meeting served to confirm the favourable impression of the first. With
a form

a form, over which the hand of time seemed to have passed in vain, and to a face, faded indeed and wan, but animated by fine eyes and an expression of melancholy resignation which made it infinitely interesting, Mrs. Montgomery possessed a superior understanding, and an heart which had acquired in the school of adversity fortitude to bear its own sorrows, with redoubled feeling for the calamities of others. Thrown into obscurity, the dignity of her mind supported her; and amidst ill health and long misfortune she had been not only resigned, but grateful that her sensibility yet remained, and that she had such a son for its object.

Ethelinde had not been long with her before he became the subject of their discourse. He had been that of Ethelinde's thoughts from the moment of his taking leave of her in the morning, and she now felt more uneasy than she was willing to own even to herself, at seeing that he was

not with his mother, though he knew that she was to be there.

“ Charles,” said Mrs. Montgomery, “ is absent on his usual amusement ; but I hope he will drink tea with us. I would have detained him the whole evening, that he might have enjoyed the pleasure of your company ; but he said that he should spoil our tête-à-tête, and that he had better deny himself a pleasure he should perhaps never enjoy again, than become subject to eternal regret, in having tasted and lost it. You will easily perceive, Miss Chesterville, that my son, young as he is, has not been always accustomed to the recluse life he now leads. Charles indeed was born not to the prospects which from his family he ought to have had, but to such as, however inadequate to his birth, were yet very different from those he now has before him.”

“ Since you encourage me, Madam,” replied Ethelinde, “ I will own to you, that merely to see either you or your son in a situation so remote and solitary as this, could

could hardly fail to render even apathy inquisitive. Judge then, whether curiosity is not raised after I have both seen and *heard* you. Indebted as I am to your son for the preservation of my life, is it possible for me to help wishing to know some particulars of persons to whom I have such obligations?"

"And you shall know; if the story of a life marked with much sorrow, without any uncommon adventures, will not fatigue you."

"Ah! believe me, that if its recollection and relation is not painful to you, you cannot confer on me a greater favour."

"Painful it certainly is, to carry back the memory to the past, where the death of the dearest of our friends, and the defection of others, have marked too many of our years. Yet let me say—and I hope I may say it with honest exultation—that I have also a satisfaction in re-tracing the past; since my calamities have been such as were incurred neither by folly or guilt;

and since I trust that he whose pleasure it was to afflict me, has accepted of my endeavours to bear my afflictions with fortitude.

“ My father was a native of Scotland, of the noble family of Douglas. He was a younger brother of a younger branch, and married very early in his life a young woman as well born and as indigent as himself. In the year 1745 he was among those who joined the unfortunate Charles Edward; and he fell at Culloden, leaving me then about twenty months old, and his wife, then not more than seventeen, entirely dependent on the bounty of his father, and overwhelmed with the greatness of her calamity; but when she held in her arms her unfortunate orphan, the sole legacy and sole memorial of a man whom he had fondly loved, she struggled against her unhappy destiny, and for my sake attempted to live.

“ Though peace was at length restored to the wretched country, which had been

too long the seat of devastation, many families found themselves totally impoverished; and none had suffered more than my grandfather, who having narrowly escaped with life, survived to lament the loss of three brave sons, and to see great part of his property in ashes. He lingered only a twelvemonth afterwards, and then sunk into the grave, leaving his small patrimony to his only surviving son, who had himself a numerous family. My mother saw, or fancied she saw, that he could willingly have dispensed with any additional burthen; and she determined to go to England, where she hoped to be received by a brother of her own who was settled in London. Thither she conveyed herself and me in the cheapest way she could, and was received by her brother (who had sunk his illustrious birth for the convenience offered him of becoming partner with a merchant) with kindness indeed; but such kindness as a mind narrowed by perpetually contemplating riches shews to the poor who are dependent

on them. His wife, by whose means his fortune had been promoted, convinced him that his sister and her child could not be commodiously received into his house. Lodgings were however provided for her in the neighbourhood, and she boarded with her brother: but the second month of her thus living was not passed, before the neglect she felt from him, and the pride and ill nature of his wife, taught her to experience in all its bitterness the misery of dependence. Born with very acute feelings, and at an age when every sensibility is awake, my mother found this situation every day more insupportable. Yet whether could she turn? She had neither knowledge of business, nor any means of engaging in it. She had no acquaintance in England, and not in the world any friend who had at once the power and the will to assist her.

“ Almost the first circumstance which made any impression on my mind, was the agonies of passion with which my mother clasped

clasped me to her bosom and wept over me, while she called on the spirit of her departed Douglas to behold the wretchedness of his widow and his orphan. At that age, however, it is only a slight sketch now and then of some violent passion or striking circumstance that rests on the memory of an infant. I have no recollection of any thing else till the scene was greatly changed, and in my childish eyes greatly amended.

“ It was summer; and though at that period the mercantile inhabitants of London were less accustomed than they now are to go to country villas, yet my uncle, who was growing rich, had one near Hammer-smith, where he usually repaired with his family on Fridays, returning again to town the beginning of the following week. The weather was uncommonly hot, and my mother, who was never of these parties, but was left in London to share the dinner of the solitary servant who took care of the house, fancied that I had for

many days drooped for want of air; and alarmed by that idea, she took, after the family were gone, an hackney coach, and directed it to carry her to the gate of Hyde Park.

“ Though the sun was declining, it had yet so much power, that in walking through the park with me in her arms, that I at least might not suffer, she became extremely fatigued. She saw people going into Kensington Gardens: thither she went also; and to avoid observation, betook herself to an unfrequented part of them, where, quite overcome with bodily fatigue and mental anguish, she threw herself on a seat; and straining me to her bosom, began with a torrent of tears to lament not so much her own hard fate as that which awaited the infant of her lost Douglas, whose name she frequently repeated, broken by the sobs and groans which a thousand tender recollections of *him*, and poignant fears for *me*, extorted from her. From this delirium of fruitless sor-

row

row she was awakened by the appearance of a gentleman, of about thirty, who suddenly approached her, and enquired with great politeness, yet with great warmth, whether her distress was of a nature which he could mitigate or remove?

“ Alarmed by this address from a stranger, my mother arose, and making an effort to conquer her emotion and conceal her tears, she thanked him in an hurried voice for his politeness, but assured him that she was merely fatigued by the heat of the weather, and should now hasten home.

“ He was not however to be so easily shaken off. If my mother had at first struck him as a very beautiful young woman, he was still more charmed when she spoke, and when amidst the confusion she was under, he observed as much unaffected modesty as natural elegance. It was in vain that she entreated him to leave her, and assured him that she lived in a very distant part of the town with
a brother

a brother, into whose house she could not introduce a stranger, and that she should be otherwise much distressed by his attention. He would not leave her; but taking me up in his arms, he carried me out of the gardens, and then delivering me to my mother, he ran towards the palace to procure, as he said, a coach. My mother, who trembled she knew not why, at the politeness she could not resent, now hurried on in the hope of escaping from her new acquaintance; but she had not proceeded an hundred paces before he was again at her side, again took me in his arms, and under pretence that there was no coach to be had where he had been, but that one would probably be met with if they walked on, he engaged her to proceed, till a coach overtook them: not such as he pretended to have sought; but one on which was an Earl's coronet, and the arms of Douglas, quartered, with those of an illustrious English family.

“ Now,”

“ Now,” said he, stopping as it came up, “ here is a carriage, which shall convey you and this little cherub to your home. You will not, I think, refuse me the honor of accompanying you, that it may afterwards take me to mine.”

“ Again my mother urged every thing she could think of to prevail upon her new friend to desist from a proof of attention which could only distress her. He would hear nothing; and the warmth of his importunity forced her, in spite of every objection, to get into his coach; where he seated me in her lap, and himself by her side.

“ He then attempted to quiet her fears by entering into discourse on the topics of the day; in which he exerted himself so effectually, his manners were so easy, and his conversation so entertaining, that the agitation of her spirits gradually subsided. The soothing voice of friendship, of pity, of sympathy, which she had not heard for many, many months,
again

again made its way to her heart; and when he insensibly turned the discourse from less interesting matters to her own condition, the tears flowed from her eyes, softness pervaded her heart, and she confided to this stranger, whom she had not yet known above an hour, the unhappy uncertainty of her situation, the actual misery she suffered herself, and the anguish which weighed down her spirit when she reflected that she had no other portion to bequeath me than poverty, servitude, or perhaps dependence, more bitter than either. In making this avowal, she had named her family, and that of her father.

“ Yes,” interrupted her protector, “ I heard, as I listened to you in the gardens, the name of Douglas. I am myself of the race; for my mother was a Douglas; such a circumstance, added to the captivating beauty of the fair mourner to whom I listened, made my curiosity invincible. Dangerous curiosity!

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to gratify it, I have I fear lost my peace!"

"Not to dwell too long on the recital, let me say that this nobleman professed himself passionately in love with the young widow; and though she insisted on his giving up so wild an idea, he declared before he left her that he would by some means or other introduce himself to her brother, since to live without seeing her was impossible. It was with difficulty he was at length prevailed upon to leave the house; and without extorting permission from my mother, he was there again the next day, and every day, till the family returned; after which he managed so adroitly, that in a few days he made an acquaintance with my uncle and was in form invited to dinner; while neither himself or his wife at all suspected for whose sake the acquaintance was so anxiously cultivated, but were extremely elate at the notice which a man of rank took
of

of them, and the compliments he paid to the respectability and intrinsic worth of men of business.

“The attention however which he found himself obliged to pay to the mistress of the house, and the few opportunities of seeing or conversing with my mother which this method of visiting allowed him, became very uneasy to him. And at length, after a long struggle with himself, he determined to hazard telling her his real situation. He probably knew that he had by this time secured such an interest in her heart, that it was no longer in her power to fly from him, whatever her honor might dictate. Having with some difficulty obtained an opportunity of speaking to her, he told her, that he knew she must long have seen his ardent and incurable passion; “which perhaps,” continued he, “I ought never to have indulged; but, alas! from the first moment I saw you, my heart was your’s! while reason in vain condemned me, and repeated the fatal truth

truth which you must now hear. I am already married—I am not villain enough to attempt to deceive you; but listen to what I have to add in extenuation of my conduct, before you condemn me to despair.

“ The indignation with which my mother received this acknowledgment, the attempts of her lover to appease and soften her, I need not relate: having at length prevailed on her to hear what he had to urge, he told her, that to gratify his family he had, when little more than twenty, married the heiress of a rich and noble family; plain, and even deformed in her person, with a temper soured by ill health and the consciousness of her own imperfections, and with manners the most disgusting. For upwards of three years he dragged on a life completely wretched with a woman whose malignity of temper deadened all pity for her personal misfortune; at the end of that period she was seized with the small pox, attended with the worst
symp-

symptoms; but the distemper acting on an habit constitutionally bad, failed to deprive her of life, which would have been a blessing to them both; but left behind it violent epileptic fits, which continuing with encreasing violence for many months, had deprived her of the slender share of reason she ever possessed, and threw her at length into confirmed idiotism, in which state she had invariably remained for the last six years. Thus situated, he considered himself, tho' the fatal tie could not by law be dissolved, as really unmarried; and at liberty to offer his heart to the lovely object who now possessed it, though the cruel circumstance he had related made it impossible for him to offer her that rank, in which it would otherwise have been his ambition to have placed her, and to which she would have done so much honour.

“ I was then in my mother's arms: he took me tenderly in his, and said, “ Intercede for me, lovely Caroline, with your mother! Ah! soften that dear, inexorable heart,

heart, and tell her, that for your sake she should quit an abode so unfit for you both; and accept the protection of a man, who will consider and provide for her Caroline as for a child of his own. He then hurried away, leaving a paper in which he had repeated all he had before said; and protesting that his first care should be to settle a fortune on me. That evening, my uncle and his family, who had been absent, returned, and it happened, that his wife, who was always rude and unfeeling, treated my mother with an unusual degree of asperity. Her brother too, whether from accident or from some intelligence he had received of his Lordship's visits, spoke to her with great acrimony, reproached her with having been now above twelve months a burthen to him, and advised her to try if she could not procure a place as companion to a lady or governess in a family; adding coldly, that he would in that case take care of me,

me, and put me out to nurse, till I was old enough to procure a livelihood.

“Honour, and respect for the memory of her husband, had made in the breast of my mother a struggle, which this inhuman treatment rendered at once ineffectual. On one side, affluence, with the man whom she already loved more than she was aware of, and a certain provision for the infant on whom she doated, awaited her; on the other, poverty, dependence, and contempt: her child torn from her, and herself sent to service. The contrast was too violent: She retired to her room, and without giving herself time for reflection, wrote to Lord Pevensey, and the next day quitting her inhospitable and selfish relations, without giving them any account of herself, she set out with his Lordship for Paris. A servant was provided for me: All that love and fortune could offer were lavished on her; and at an elegant house on the banks of the Seine she was soon established; with

with a splendour which however served not to make her happy.

“ Still conscious of the impropriety of her situation, she could never conquer the melancholy that preyed on her mind; tho’ she sometimes thought, that to have the daughter of Douglas educated and provided for, as his Lordship’s fondness educated and provided for me, was in reality a greater proof of attachment to his memory than she would have shewn, had she suffered me to have remained in the indigence and disgrace to which the penurious and sordid temper of my uncle would have exposed me. The two sons, whom she brought my Lord, shared her tenderness without lessening it; and while the utmost care was taken of their education as soon as they were old enough to receive instruction, I had the best masters which Paris afforded; and with such advantages, almost every European language at an early age became equally familiar to me. Lord Pevensey,

Pevensey, who was as partial to me as if I had been indeed his daughter, and in whose fondness for my mother, time made no abatement, saw with pleasure the progress I made, and flattered himself that he should establish me happily, though the situation of my mother, (who though she was treated in France with great respect, was well understood not to be the wife of Lord Pevensey,) was a very unfavourable circumstance to me even in that country. The world however called me handsome; and I had received an education very different from that which is usually given to young women in France. On the day on which I compleated my fourteenth year, Lord Pevensey came to me, as I was dressing for a little entertainment which he had ordered on the occasion, and wishing me joy of my birth day, he saluted me, and put into my hands a bank note of a thousand pounds. "Take it, my dear Caroline," said he, "as a trifling testimony of my affection
for

for you. Use it for your smaller expences, and be assured that I will not neglect to make your future prospects equal to the education you have received and to which you do so much honour.'

" I received this generosity as I ought. Alas ! my benefactor went in a few weeks to England, and I saw him no more. A strange presentiment of evil hung over my mother, whose health had long been very uncertain. She could not bear to take the last leave of his Lordship ; and he, who lived but to oblige her, still lingered, and delayed his journey, till repeated letters from those who had the care of his estates compelled him to determine on it. His two sons, one of ten the other of eight years old, were by this time at a public school in England, and he promised to gratify my mother with the sight of them on his return, which he said should be as soon as he could settle the affairs which called him over.

" When he was gone, however, my
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mother fell into a deep melancholy ; and as we were almost always alone together, she talked very frequently of the incidents of her past life, related the particulars I have repeated to you, and asked me whether I could forgive her for having thus been betrayed into a situation, which, whatever it might be in the sight of heaven, would in that of the world render me liable to eternal reproach. It was in vain I conjured her to banish from her mind, reflections which served only to destroy an health so precious to us all. Still they recurred too often, and her delicate constitution very visibly suffered. After Lord Pevensey, who had been used to write by every post, had been gone about six weeks, his letters suddenly ceased. My mother for some days flattered herself that it was merely owing to his being on his journey back ; but her hope gradually died away, and the most alarming apprehensions succeeded — Apprehensions too well founded. We were sitting together one morning, when a sudden bustle

bustle of the servants in the anti-room surprised us. I arose to enquire into the occasion of it, and on my opening the door was shocked by the sight of my two brothers, and their tutor, who had been attempting to prevent their sudden entrance. The poor boys on seeing me burst into tears, and exclaiming ‘oh! Caroline! my father!’ they rushed by me, and threw themselves into the arms of their mother; who, wild with terror, had no power to enquire, what indeed they soon told her.— ‘Oh! Mama!’ cried they, ‘our papa, our dear papa is dead! They have sent us here to you—they have taken him from us, and every thing that was his!’

“The tutor, who highly respected my mother, now attempted to take the children from her: but she held them in her arms, while with a look which I shall never forget, and with the voice of piercing anguish, she enquired what all this meant? The worthy man related, in a few words, that Lord Pevensey had been seized with a

fever at one of his country houses, where, after a few days illness he died : that his brother, who became heir to his title, had instantly possessed himself of all his effects, and had directed the two boys to be taken immediately to France, and to drop the name they had hitherto borne. With reluctance the tutor added, that the present Lord intended in a few days being at the house we inhabited, in order to receive the jewels and other valuables which belonged to his brother.

“ No tear fell from the eyes of the dear unhappy woman, no sigh escaped her heart. She desired me to tranquillise the poor boys, (who still fondly clung round her, weeping for their dear papa,) and complaining that she suffered great pain in her head, desired to be put to bed. I remained by her ; and endeavoured to excite her tears, while mine flowed incessantly ; but the greatness and suddenness of the calamity overwhelmed her constitution, though it still left to her mind strength enough

enough to reflect on the condition of her children.

‘Caroline,’ said she to me as I sat by her, ‘I shall probably be in a few hours reduced to that indigence, from which, perhaps, it were better I had never been relieved! But your brothers! for them, I suffer! The proceedings of the present Lord Pevensey leave me little reason to hope that any will exists in England which secures them the ample provision their father designed for them. There are, in a box which my Lord left, several papers which he told me were of consequence: but they will be taken from me unless immediately secured. Send therefore for Mr. Montgomery, and deliver to him that box.’

She then gave me a direction to him. I had never seen Mr. Montgomery, though he was a friend of my Lord’s. I hastened to execute her commands; he flew to the house on receiving my message; and instead of a man of business, as I expected,

I beheld a young man of about seven and twenty, in the uniform of one of those Scottish regiments which were received by the King of France, after their master's affairs became irretrievable. He had been quartered for some time in a remote province; but being distantly related to and highly esteemed by the late Lord Pevensey, he had constantly corresponded with him, and had been entrusted with his intentions relative to my mother, my brother, and myself.

“ I cannot describe the person of Montgomery. Suffice it to say, that his figure was even finer than that of his son, who resembles him extremely. The warm and lively interest he took for my mother, the manly tenderness which he discovered, when he saw our distress, and the trouble which he instantly undertook to encounter for us, were powerful incentives to me to admire and esteem him. I then thought him the noblest of human beings, and a few days convinced me that he deserved all the

the partiality my young heart had conceived for him. The new Lord Pevensey, who intended to have reached my mother's house before she could have notice of his journey, (and was prevented only by the zeal of the tutor who had the care of my brothers) arrived on the third day after she had received these fatal tidings. He was a man not much turned of forty, but with a harsh and stern countenance, a large, heavy person, and a formal, cold manner. He brought with him a lawyer from England, and engaged another in France to accompany him to the house; where, with very little ceremony, he demanded of my mother all the jewels and effects of his deceased brother. Summoning all her resolution, and supported by Montgomery, who never left her, she tried to go through this dreadful ceremony with some degree of fortitude. She delivered, with trembling hands, a star, a sword set with brilliants, and several other family jewels. She then opened a casket, in which her own were

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inclosed,

inclosed, and Lord Pevensey was taking them from her, when Montgomery interfered, saying that they were her's and he should not suffer her to part with them.

“It would be tedious to relate the scenes which passed between Lord Pevensey, his lawyer, and Montgomery; who finding it necessary, engaged lawyers on the part of my mother. A will of the late Lord had been found among the papers which she had put in the possession of Montgomery, in which an annuity of eight hundred a year was settled on my mother, and all his estates charged with the payment of ten thousand pounds to each of my brothers, and two to me. This will the present Lord disputed; and the contending parties prepared for law, the circumstance of the case rendering it necessary that this contention should be carried on as well in England as in France.

The spirits and health of my mother gradually declined. The friendship, the unwearied kindness of Montgomery, alone supported

supported her ; but neither his attention or mine could cure the malady of the mind, or bind up the wounds of a broken heart.

“ I will not detain you with relating the various expedients for accommodation which were in the course of the first month proposed by the relations of the family, who knew the tenderness the late Lord Pevensey had for my mother ; that he considered her as his wife ; and that her conduct could not have been more unexceptionable had she really been so. Still lingering in France, and still visiting an house into which his cruelty had introduced great misery, the proceedings of Lord Pevensey wore a very extraordinary appearance. My mother was now confined almost entirely to her room ; and Montgomery concealed from her his uneasiness at what he remarked : but to me he spoke more freely, and told me that he was very sure his Lordship had other designs than he suffered immediately to appear. In a few days the truth of his conjecture became evident. I was alone in a small room at

the end of the house, where I had a harpsichord which I had removed thither since my mother's illness. She was asleep. Montgomery, on whom my imagination had long been accustomed to dwell with inexpressible delight, had been detained two days from us. Those days had appeared two ages to me; and his absence; combined with the uneasiness of our situation, and the state of my mother's health, depressed my spirits, and I sought to soothe them by music. A little melancholy air, which I often sung to Montgomery was before me: it expressed my feelings; and I was lost in the pleasure of expressing them, when the door from the garden opened, and Lord Pevensey stalked in his formal manner into the room. I arose instantly from my seat; but he took my hand, and with an air of familiarity, bade me sit down again. Then drawing a chair close to me, he looked in my face, and cried—'Sweet Caroline! she will not refuse to sing to me! She does

does not hate me, and will perhaps be the lovely mediatrix who shall adjust all differences between me and her mama.'

'I have no power, Sir, to adjust differences,' answered I, much alarmed at his look and manner. 'Indeed you have, my charming girl,' cried he, attempting very rudely to kiss me; 'and if you will only be sensible of the same friendship for me, as your mother had for my brother, every thing he left in her possession shall be hers. Nay I will make you sole mistress of my fortune, and she shall enjoy all she claims with her beloved Montgomery.'

'I cannot describe what I felt at that moment. I knew not what I said, in the first emotion of terror and anger; I flew to the door, but it was fastened. I then attempted to reach that which led to the garden, but he caught me in his arms. I shrieked, I struggled to disengage myself, while the wretch exclaimed—'Violent airs these, for the daughter of Mrs.

Douglas.

Douglas to give herself! Pretty affectation in a girl who has been brought up on the wages of prostitution! I heard this cruel insult, but unable to answer, I could only redouble my cries. The monster endeavoured to argue with me; but incapable of hearing, I tried only to escape him, when the door was broke open with great force, and Montgomery burst into the room.

“Without staying to enquire into the cause of my shrieks, he flew at Lord Pevensey, whom he pinioned in a moment to the wainscot. A scene followed so terrifying, that I cannot do it justice. Lord Pevensey, far from apologizing for his conduct, had the brutish audacity to repeat to Montgomery his insulting sarcasm against my mother; and dared to intimate that he himself had taken the place of the deceased Lord. The agony into which I was thrown by the violence of Montgomery’s passion, was the only thing capable of restraining it. Seeing

me to all appearance dying on the floor where I had fallen, he quitted his adversary, and came to raise and reassure me. Lord Pevensey took that opportunity to depart, threatening however personal vengeance against Montgomery, and that he would redouble every attempt to ruin my mother, whom he again insulted with such epithets, that Montgomery was with difficulty withheld from following him, and demanding an immediate reparation. Dreadful as this scene had been, it was succeeded by one which would have made me forget all its bitterness, had not other consequences followed. When Lord Pevensey was departed, Montgomery returned back to me; and while I thanked him as well as I was able, for the protection he had afforded me, he confessed, with agitation almost equal to mine, that from the first moment he had seen me, he had loved me: that his affection, which had since encreased every hour, had made him extremely
attentive

attentive to every thing that related to me; and that he had been long convinced of the designs of Lord Pevensey, and foreseen that to obtain me, he would affect delays and hold out hopes of compromise. ‘ Ill however as I thought of him,’ continued he, ‘ I could not have believed that his villainy would have gone such lengths, or have been so unguardedly betrayed. Now we have every thing to apprehend that money or chicanery can execute.’

“ This was no time for reserve or affectation. I answered that I feared only what might affect his personal safety; that the threats of Lord Pevensey in that respect distracted me with terror, and that I should not have a moment’s tranquillity till I saw a life secure which I very frankly confessed was infinitely dearer to me than my own.

“ It would be uninteresting perhaps to you, my dear Miss Chesterville, were I to describe the raptures of Montgomery on
the

the discovery of my sentiments. A scene too tender to be related followed; and we were recalled from the delightful avowal of mutual passion, by a message from my mother, who had been awakened by the confusion which had happened below, and whose servants had indiscreetly told her what they knew of it's occasion. As she had been informed of so much, it was impossible to conceal from her any part of what had passed. Tho' Montgomery softened as much as he could the oprobious speeches which Lord Pevensey had made relative to her, they sunk deeply into her mind: he saw how much she was affected, and ended the conversation as soon as he could. But when he had left us, my mother desired I would return to her and thus spoke to me.

‘Caroline, I will attempt no longer to deceive you. I feel myself dying. A few days I am convinced will terminate my life, and my sufferings. I leave my poor boys with few friends to contest the
will

will of their father against all the weight of affluence and power. And you! oh child of my first affections, I leave you with all that fatal beauty, of which my weak heart has been so foolishly proud, to encounter not merely indigence, but the baseness of a world, where your mother's character, justified as I hope and believe it is in the sight of heaven, will expose you to the insolent addresses of the profligate; where you will be told, that as the mother deviated from the narrow path of rectitude, the daughter cannot pursue it. My errors will be urged to betray my Caroline to destruction; and when she reflects on the example of her mother, she will perhaps learn to desert her precepts.'

"The bitter anguish inflicted by these cruel reflections here stifled her voice. I was myself more dead than alive; yet as I hung trembling over her on the sofa on which she lay, I attempted to say something that might console her, and with difficulty articulated the name of Montgomery.

Mont-

‘Montgomery!’ cried my mother, as soon as she recovered her speech—‘oh! he is the worthiest, the most generous of human creatures! To him I have, in a will which this paper contains, given the care of my two boys. But you!—oh! Caroline!—is a man of his age a guardian proper for a lovely young woman of yours? I have therefore addressed myself in another paper to your father’s family, and have besought them to pity and protect my Caroline. The present you received from my deceased Lord on your last birth day, will preserve you at least from the indigence I once experienced—To Providence, to your own good principles and strong understanding, I commit the rest.’

“ I had not courage to say, that Montgomery desired only to have the strongest claim to become my protector, by receiving my hand. But in the evening, when I saw him, I told him all that had passed. Eagerly seizing on hopes so flattering to the ardour of his passion, he besought of
me

me to allow him to go to my mother and propose our immediate marriage. She heard him with gratitude and delight; and though she knew he had nothing but his commission in the French service, and that being a catholic, he could never rise to that rank in England, which his high birth would have entitled him otherwise to expect, she hesitated not to give her consent. ‘Yes, my dear child,’ said she, at the end of this affecting scene—‘In his virtues you will find fortune—in his honour and his courage, protection. In leaving you to the care of such a man, I die contented.’ She grew daily weaker; but was anxious even to a degree of impatience to see us united before her death. Montgomery therefore, to conquer every scruple and every difficulty, procured a clergyman of the church of England, who married us in her presence; and at my desire (who wished to shew Montgomery that I knew how to value his complaisance) the priest who officiated

ficiated in his regiment performed the ceremony a second time.

“But forms could do nothing towards uniting our hearts more closely; and the happiness of a marriage, where love only presided, was perhaps too great for humanity: for those halcyon days were greatly obscured by the encreasing illness of my mother; who declined rapidly for almost a fortnight, and then died in the arms of Montgomery, commending, with her last breath, her two boys to his protection. Her death, which long as I had expected it, appeared utterly insupportable now it arrived, threw me into a state of languor and dejection, from which I was suddenly roused by hearing that Lord Pevensey, who had quitted France immediately after his disgraceful dismissal from the house, was now returned; and enraged to find that Montgomery was actually my husband, had determined to pursue, with all the eagerness, rage and hatred could inspire, the process by which he

he hoped to deprive me and my brothers of our legacies. Nor was this all; the personal affront he had received from Montgomery, he could not bear, though he had deserved it; and he now sent him a challenge, which Montgomery readily accepted; but to evade the strictness of those laws which are in force in France against duelling, the place where they were to meet was fixed in the dominions of the Pope, a little beyond Avignon.

“Montgomery, anxious only to conceal this from me, found a pretence for his journey; and telling me he had some military business to transact at Marseilles, which would detain him for some days, he parted from me, concealing with courage truly heroic the anguish he felt in knowing that we were perhaps to meet no more.

“Providence yet preserved him to me. He dangerously wounded his adversary; and returned himself in safety. Then he related the cause of his absence; and the happiness

happiness I felt at his safety, was augmented, when a few days afterwards we received from Lord Pevensey, who believed himself dying, and was visited with the reproaches of a troubled conscience, an acknowledgment of the justice of my brothers claims to the provision made for them by their father, and an order to his procureur at Paris to put an end to every suit depending against us. In a few months Lord Pevensey recovered; we were put in possession of our rights; and my beloved Montgomery, to whom I owed every thing, studied not only how to make me happy, but to pursue as near as possible that line of conduct which my mother would have done had she lived. A war was raging with great violence between France and England, and I was unwilling to send the two dear boys to a country where it would be now difficult for me to see them. But as I knew it was the desire of my mother and my benefactor to have them brought up in the protestant religion,

religion, I sent them with their tutor to Geneva. I had hardly recovered the pain of this parting, before one much more grievous was inflicted. The regiment in which Montgomery had a company, was ordered into Germany. The situation I was then in made it seem madness to think of following him; but I was convinced that I should not survive his departure. He was to me, father, brother, lover, husband! I had no other earthly happiness; and without him the universe was to me nothing. At first his fears for my safety made him resist my importunities; but he was compelled at length to consent, and I followed him, residing wherever he was encamped; and however horrid the scenes were to which I thus became a witness, I feared nothing but for his life; that one dreadful apprehension having the effect of all violent passions, and making me forego, without missing them, every convenience to which I had been accustomed, and meet without apprehension

sion a thousand dangers to which I was hourly exposed.

“In a small village on the banks of the Weser, near the camp of Marechal de Contades, my dear Charles was born, towards the beginning of the campaign of 1759. But he had not above six weeks blessed my eyes, and those of his doating father, before that dear father went out to the fatal field of Minden. I cannot describe what I felt during the action. My faculties were suspended by the most dreadful apprehensions that could agonize the human heart; this frightful suspense was terminated only by the certainty of all I dreaded. The English were victors; and the servant who had long attended on Montgomery had only time to tell me that he fell at the head of his company, his arm broken by a musket shot, and receiving a thrust from a bayonet in the breast. The man added, that with a party of foldiers who adored their captain, he had attempted to bring his master off
the

the field; but that they were cut down by a body of Hessian horse; who driving every thing before them, had compelled him to abandon the enterprize. I believe that my senses for some hours forsook me during the horrors of a night too terrible to be described; the English took possession of the village, where I was; but fortunately for me, a young officer of that nation was the first, who in endeavouring to prevent the excesses of the troops, entered the house where I remained with my infant in my arms.

“Roused by my fears for my child, I seemed suddenly to acquire courage. I demanded protection of the young officer, which with the generous ardour of the truly brave, he instantly granted me; and being himself compelled to quit me, he gave me a corporals guard, recommended me to the men as an English woman; and having secured my safety, promised to return to me when the confusion of the hour a little subsided. The
stupor

stupor of my grief being thus shaken off for a moment, I recollected, that if I suffered myself to sink, my boy, deprived of the nourishment which sustained him, would perish miserably. I took therefore the sustenance my servants offered me; but I neither spoke nor shed tears; nor heeded any thing that was said to me; my mind dwelling on the plan I had formed to avail myself of the generosity of the English officer, and to engage him to assist me in finding Montgomery, whether living or dead. It was late before this gallant young man returned to me: the moment he entered, he enquired eagerly after my health and safety. I thanked him as well as I could for the preservation I owed to him; but added, that to give it higher value, he must yet add another favour, and enable me to find the body of my husband, who had fallen in the field.

“ He seemed amazed at my design; and represented to me, that besides the terrify-

ing circumstances attendant on such an undertaking, so unfit for my age and sex to encounter, my endeavours would very probably be fruitless.—‘Nor should you, Madam,’ added he, ‘so implicitly yield to grief: he, whose death you lament as certain, may be a prisoner.’

“This ray of probability would have cheered for a moment the blackness of my despair, had not the particulars related by Montgomery’s servant, left me nothing to hope. I related these circumstances to the English officer, with that gloomy desperation which precludes the power of shedding tears. He saw the state of my mind, and generously resolved not only to gratify me, but himself to protect me with a party of his men.

“With my little boy in my arms, for I refused to leave him as obstinately as to relinquish my project, I went forth on this dreadful errand; to a scene of death and desolation so terrible, that I will not shock you by an attempt to paint it: livid
bodies

bodies covered with ghastly wounds, from whom the wretches who follow camps, making war more hideous, were yet stripping their bloody garments; heaps of human beings thus butchered by the hands of their fellow creatures; affected me with such a sensation of sick horror, that I was frequently on the point of fainting. But Montgomery among them! left to be the food of wolves or dogs — that beloved face, that form on which my eyes had so doated, disfigured and mangled by birds of prey! — This horrid image renewed from time to time my exhausted strength, and the pity of my noble conductor, more and more excited in my favour, suffered him not to tire in the mournful office of attending me.

“ We had however traversed in vain so much of the bloody field that my search seemed to be at length desperate; and my protector entreated me to consider, that by a longer perseverance I should injure my own health, and perhaps destroy my child,

without a possibility of being of the least use to the lost object of my affection. It was now indeed night ; but the moon shone with great lustre : and just as he had agreed to indulge me with ten minutes longer, on condition that I would then desist, the rays of the moon fell on something white a few yards from me, which glittered extremely. An impulse for which I cannot now account, made me suddenly catch it up : it was part of the sleeve of a shirt, and in it was a button set with brilliants, that had once belonged to Lord Pevensey ; and which, as the diamonds surrounded a cypher formed of her hair, had been, after his Lordship's death, given by my mother to Montgomery.

“ This well known memorial convinced me of one fatal truth—that Montgomery was among the dead ; but it revived the wretched hope of finding his body, which I imagined could not be far off. My conductor allowed that it was probable, and accounted for the remnant of his cloaths being

being found, by supposing that it had been torn, and dropped in a dispute for the spoil, which had happened among the plunderers of the deceased.

“Animated by this melancholy certainty, I more narrowly examined every ghastly countenance near the spot; and at length, half concealed by the blood that had flowed from his arm, which was thrown across his face, I discovered those well-known features so dear to my agonized heart.

“Then, that grief which had hitherto been silent and sullen, suspended perhaps by a latent hope of his being a prisoner, broke forth in cries and lamentations. I threw myself on the ground; spoke to Montgomery, as if he was yet capable of hearing me, and in the wildness of my phrenzy protested that I would never remove from the spot where he lay; but would remain there, and perish with my infant, by the side of my husband. The young officer, with all that humanity

which characterizes the truly brave of every nation, bore with my extravagance; and with the most patient pity attempted to soothe and appease me, by calling off my thoughts from the dead, to whom I could be no longer serviceable, and fixing them on my child, to whom my existence was so necessary: but a new idea had now struck me—I insisted upon it, that Montgomery was not dead; that I felt his heart palpitate; and that if I remained there and watched by him, he would recover. I laid my head close to his mouth; I fancied that though feebly, he still breathed. My generous friend, who imputed all I said to the delirium of extravagant sorrow, yet condescended to humour, in hopes of assuaging it; but when in compliance with my earnest entreaty, he enquired into the reality of my hopes, he fancied, with mingled astonishment and pleasure, that he really found a slight pulse in the heart, and that the body had not the clayey coldness of death.

death. Fearful, however, of indulging me in an hope, which if found fallacious, might drive me into madness, he only said, that though he thought it improbable that any life remained, yet that to satisfy me the body should be removed to the house where I lodged, where a surgeon should attend to examine it; and if, as he greatly feared, there was indeed no chance of the vital powers being reanimated, I should at least be gratified in seeing the last offices performed; and should, as long as I remained where I was left, receive, both in regard to executing that mournful duty, and to my own safety, every good office he could render me.

“The guard which he had directed to follow us through the field, now approached on his signal; they were directed to raise the body he pointed out, and to carry it to the village from whence we came. Fatigue and terror were now equally unfelt; for though I had been too much agitated to discern those symptoms of
I 4 life,

life which my protector had really found, and had merely asserted it as an excuse to remain by the body of my husband, I was now sure that I should be indulged in my grief, and that Montgomery would receive the rites of sepulchre. The body was no sooner placed on a bed in the room I inhabited, than throwing among the soldiers my purse, unseen by their commander, I hastened to give myself up to the dreadful luxury of sorrow; I found the young Englishman already there, gazing attentively on the disfigured face, with looks rather of doubt than of despair. On my entrance he retired, saying, 'Though I would not have you, Madam, too sanguine in encouraging hopes which will make a painful uncertainty doubly cruel, yet I cannot wholly discourage them: that wound on the head, which seems to have been done by the hoof of an horse, gives me the most apprehension, for the rest appear not to have been mortal; but the surgeon, who shall attend you the moment he can be spared from his duty, will be better

better able than I am to tell you whether you have really any reason to flatter yourself."

"Before the surgeon arrived, I had, with the assistance of the French maid who attended me, washed the blood from the face, and from the various wounds he had received. The ideas which had occurred only in the ravings of a distempered imagination, now became real hopes; a slight pulsation appeared in the artery of the temples; his heart certainly, though languidly, beat. Ah! imagine my transports, for words cannot paint them; imagine what I felt when the surgeon, who soon after arrived, declared that Montgomery was not dead. Far, however, was he from pronouncing that he would recover. Besides the fracture in his arm, which was a very bad one, a wound made by a bayonet in the breast, which was not very deep; and a violent wound on the head, where however the skull had escaped, he had lost so much blood, that it was almost impossible to suppose he could survive it;

and his weakness was so excessive, that he remained wholly insensible, supported only by drops of nourishment which I conveyed into his mouth with a spoon; and the surgeon dared not proceed immediately to the necessary operation of setting his arm, lest the shock should dismiss the feeble spirit which seemed every moment ready to depart from its mangled abode.

“Let me be brief in an account which I see has affected you too much.—At the end of a week, Montgomery, restored from the grasp of death, recovered his recollection, and knew *me* and his boy; and as the surgeons could not conveniently attend him where he was, my generous friend had him removed, as soon as it was possible, into Minden, now in possession of the English. There, at the end of a month, he was out of danger; but yet confined to his bed: and there, at the termination of that period, he parted from his noble preserver (for whom he felt all the friendship his generosity and personal merit

merit deserved), as he was then ordered to another part of Germany, and soon after returned to England. Before he went, he assisted Montgomery to procure his exchange; which was attended with some difficulty, because there were doubts of his being a British subject. Having, however, by the instruction of this excellent friend, procured sufficient testimony of his being, though the son of Scottish parents, a subject of the French King's, his exchange as such was admitted, and at the end of five months we returned to Paris. But Montgomery returned a cripple; for his arm, which had been with difficulty, and only by the extraordinary skill of the English surgeon, saved from amputation, was rendered wholly useless, and he wore it always in a sling. The extraordinary circumstance of his escape from death, as well as his great military merit, procured him the notice of the King of France; who gave him, with a

pension, considerable at that time and in that service, the cross of St. Louis.

“It was now that I reasonably hoped for some portion of happiness. Adoring Montgomery; having been the fortunate instrument in the hands of Providence to rescue him from death; with a lovely boy, on whom we both doated, and a fortune equal to our wants (for, with what arose from the interest of Lord Pevensey’s gift to me, and his pension, we had near four hundred pounds a year), I seemed to have nothing left to wish for; and some years did indeed pass, during which my felicity could hardly admit of encrease. The early promise of merit which Charles’s infancy gave, every year seemed to confirm: it was the principal pride and pleasure of his father to be his instructor in every liberal science, as well as in tactics; for born in a camp, he seemed a predestined soldier. Though brought up himself in the Catholic religion, Montgomery was so little of a bigot,

a bigot, that he suffered me to educate my son a Protestant; and that circumstance only had prevented his early entrance into the French army. Measures, however, were taking to procure him a commission among the Swiss in that service, when a violent and sudden illness deprived him of his parent and protector, and me of the most beloved of husbands, and the tenderest of friends.

“ Pardon me, my dearest Miss Chester-ville ! Though I have long been familiar with sorrow ; though almost five years have passed since this lamented event ; I cannot always conquer these unavailing tears. But wherefore should I distress you ? I have only to add, that at the death of my husband, great part of our income ceased ; and though I solicited a continuance of at least part of his pension, I found that under a new reign his services had been superceded by newer claims. So many difficulties arose, and so uncertain seemed my success, that after an expensive appli-
cation

education at Paris and Versailles for some months, I gave up all hope, and determined to go to England; which, notwithstanding my long separation from it, I still considered as my country.

“On my arrival in London with my son, I made myself known to some of my own and of Montgomery’s relations, who were established in employments about the court; and they, having understood my situation, promised that they would immediately apply for a commission for my son in the army, where I was compelled to suffer him to be placed, not only because his own inclinations led him to prefer a military life, but because our income, now reduced to less than two hundred a year, did not enable me to support him without a profession.

“Allured by these promises, and piqued at the neglect I had met with in France, I relinquished all thoughts of returning to that country. But if I found solicitation and attendance irksome there, these circumstances

cumstances were at least equally painful in England; and after many months of fatiguing and incessant endeavours to obtain a confirmation of their promises, I was weary of the task, and went to my friends in Scotland. My relations at least were very numerous there; but many of them looked upon me and my son as foreigners and aliens, about whom it no longer concerned them to be interested. I staid however a few months among them; and then determining to fix on some cheap retirement, I found this cottage; to which, expending a small sum of money on it, I removed my books and effects, and I have ever since lived here with my son; regretting nothing but that his talents and his virtues are lost to society.—Yet why should I regret it? He here still cultivates his excellent understanding; the virtues of his heart are preserved in all their purity; and his passions, naturally too warm and violent, have here no objects likely

likely to render them too powerful for his reason. From the little I saw of modern young men of fashion during my short stay in London, perhaps I ought rather to rejoice that my son is thrown at a distance from the contagion of their example, and that with all their spirit, he is free from their vices. Far from murmuring at his lot, his whole study is to make me happy, by convincing me he is so himself. As we equally understand several languages, our reading is pretty extensive; and books are almost our only indulgence. Charles is a proficient in music. He understands tolerably every other science; and in drawing is almost a master: and by these resources he contrives to pass, without weariness, those hours when the weather forbids his going abroad. We have been twice to spend a few weeks with my relations in Scotland; but shall I own to you that society, such as I generally meet with, serves only to make my
return

return to this solitude more delightful; that my heart is now wedded to it; and that I have no wish for any other enjoyment than that I have found: indulging in this remote hermitage the tears which the memory of Montgomery render sacred; and fulfilling, at least as well as I am able, though not so well as I wish, my duty towards our beloved Charles."

Mrs. Montgomery, seeing her son now enter the little court, wiped away the tears which in repeating this last sentence had again filled her eyes, and received him with a melancholy smile. He bowed gravely to Ethelinde; tenderly spoke to his mother; and desired that his entrance might not interrupt so delightful a tête à tête. But it had now been some time nearly dark; and the appearance of candles reminded Ethelinde that it was time to return to the abbey, and that there were other beings in the world besides Mrs. Montgomery

Montgomery and her son ; a circumstance which had for some hours entirely escaped her recollection.

The narrative she had heard had drawn many tears from her eyes. Those of Mrs. Montgomery bore testimony to the mournful story she had been relating ; and when lights were brought, Montgomery instantly perceived what had been the subject of their conversation.

Ethelinde at length reluctantly rose to go : with pain more acute than she had ever felt before, she bad an adieu, perhaps the last adieu, to Mrs. Montgomery ; and softened too much to be able to restrain her tears, she sobbed out, “ God bless you ! all happiness await you, dearest, dearest Madam ! ”

Mrs. Montgomery, not less affected, but more accustomed to sorrow, pressed her fondly in her arms ; and giving her hand to her son, said, “ Heaven protect my lovely, my amiable young friend ! Charles, you will wait on Miss Chesterville.”

Ethelinde

Ethelinde faintly requested him not to give himself that trouble. But he insisted on being allowed to attend her; and proceeding with her along the side of the lake, he walked silently by her side for near half the way; at length he summoned courage to enquire when the family of Sir Edward Newenden left Grasmere Abbey.

“In a few days I believe.”

“This then,” said Montgomery, in the most mournful accents, “is probably the last opportunity I shall ever enjoy of seeing Miss Chesterville?”

“I hope not,” said Ethelinde faintly.

“Alas! I dare not hope ever again to be so happy! You, Madam, are destined to adorn the most brilliant circles; my lot is obscurity—obscurity, however, in which I was well content to remain, till I beheld excellence, and learned to feel the power of beauty, when united with goodness and understanding.”

This was too much for the full heart of Ethelinde, who was already more
strongly

strongly prejudiced in favour of this young man, than she had ever yet been for any human being. She dared not trust her voice with an answer. Another long silence ensued, broken only by a deep sigh from Montgomery, who then again spoke.

“My mother, Madam, has perhaps been relating to you the events of her past life.”

“Yes, Sir, she has.”

“She told you then, perhaps, that the English officer, to whose humanity my father owed the prolongation of his life, was of the name of Chesterville.”

“Of Chesterville?”

“Of Chesterville. — Captain Henry Chesterville. Ever since I came to England, I have anxiously desired to know if he yet lived, that I might find him; but I failed in my enquiries the little while I staid in London, and since having had no means of information, I despaired of ever having the gratification of seeing him; till
hearing

hearing that your name was Chesterville, I flattered myself he might be of your family, and I determined to take the first opportunity of asking you."

"Good God!" said Ethelinde, "it was my father!—Unaccustomed to talk of the events of a war in which he bore an active part, I never heard him name this particular circumstance; but I am well persuaded it was himself."

"I am convinced of it too," replied Montgomery, "for methinks our families have been long acquainted.—I dare not trust myself to say, how proud my heart is of the idea that we are to renew an acquaintance so enchanting, so flattering to me. I hope Mr. Chesterville will not so far have forgotten his own beneficence, as to be offended, if I still consider myself as known to him, and take the first opportunity of assuring him that the son of Montgomery values himself on inheriting the obligation owed by his father. Will
you

you, Madam, intercede for me, that I may become known to Mr. Chesterville?"

"My intercession will not, I am persuaded, be necessary.—My father will be happy to repeat to you, that whatever benefit his good fortune once enabled him to confer on your father, has been more than overpaid, by your having hazarded your life for mine."

They were by this time arrived at the gate of the lawn, where they had before parted. Montgomery stopped.—"Is it then indeed," cried he mournfully, "the last time I shall have the happiness of seeing you in this country, and do you really leave it in a few days?"

"I believe so," replied Ethelinde; "yet I think not *so* immediately as to preclude the possibility of your seeing Sir Edward and the family again, if you are disposed to take that trouble. Least, however, I should see you no more, accept once again of my thanks, and ever of my good wishes!"

In

In saying this she almost involuntarily held out her hand to him : Montgomery seizing, carried it to his lips ; and kissing it with an eagerness which forced her hastily to withdraw it, he turned away and disappeared — while Ethelinde, heart struck, and feeling lost to all the rest of the world, returned to her own room ; and sent an excuse to avoid joining the company, among whom she was unfitted to appear.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning Ethelinde, summoning as much resolution as possible, endeavoured to drive from her thoughts the image of Montgomery, which perpetually pursued her; and to appear at breakfast with her usual cheerfulness. Sir Edward, however, who had so long and so anxiously studied her countenance that he could guess at almost every emotion of her heart, easily discerned that all was not right there. Her gaiety was forced; she affected an interest about things to which he knew she was entirely indifferent; and as soon as she could without rudeness escape, she made a pretence to hasten away from the company.

Sir Edward could no longer delay informing her of her father's wishes for her return; yet he dreaded the explanation.

But

but he now determined to follow her. He saw her go out; and taking a shorter way, he met her in a copse that terminated the park on the opposite side from the lake. A winding path led through it; in which, some time before he approached her, he saw her walk slowly along, in a thoughtful and melancholy attitude. As soon, however, as she perceived him, she quickened her pace, and met him smiling. His looks were less gay: he took her hand, and enquired why she preferred solitude to the amusing party within doors.

“For no reason in the world, but because I am like nobody else; and if it were not for my father, should like to renounce every scene I have yet been in, and to pass the rest of my life on the banks of Grafmere water.

“Alone, Ethelinde?” enquired Sir Edward, fixing his penetrating eyes on her’s.

She cast them down and blushed.—

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K

“Why

"Why not alone, Sir Edward? You know I have no fear of solitude."

"But Lady Newenden would say, that young ladies who have such a passion for rocks and woods, always associate with them the idea of some gentle swain—such, for example, as Davenant."

"*He is*, in truth, a gentle swain!"

"Or of Montgomery, the gallant Montgomery."

"Pooh! You know that I am hardly acquainted with him."

"And have hardly thought of him, Ethelinde?"

"I hope you do not believe me so silly and romantic, as to need this sort of railery. Why should you suppose I think particularly of Mr. Montgomery?"

"Nay, I do not suppose it; nor will I, my dear Ethy, rally you; for indeed I have that to say to you, which makes me not only serious, but unhappy.—Your father—".

"My

"My father!—Oh! what of him? he is not ill?"

"Do not alarm yourself thus. He is *not* ill; by his letter seems not quite well; and he mentions a wish that you should return to him as soon as you can make it convenient."

"Dear Sir Edward, how long have you known this? Where is his letter? Let me set out to-day. I am sure he is ill; he is unhappy; why should I neglect a moment obeying him? I will go back to the house, and prepare instantly for my departure. Contrive it for me, I beseech you, so that I may lose no more time."

"Be more composed, I beg of you, Ethelinde. Reflect that nothing can hurt the Colonel so much as your distressing yourself; nor is it in this case necessary; for you may believe that had he been really ill, he would have pressed your immediate attendance."

"Cannot I see the letter? But at all events I will instantly set out."

“ You shall, if you desire it, to-morrow morning ?”

“ Why not to-day ?”

“ Because a conveyance cannot be procured perhaps ; besides it is really unnecessary to hurry yourself. I wish to speak to you on another subject.—Mr. Davenant has desired me to offer you his heart and fortune. How are you disposed towards him ? You must have seen enough of his intentions to have considered of your answer ?”

“ Can you really, Sir Edward, ask that question seriously ?”

“ Very seriously.—At least my commission was very seriously given me ; I merely promised to execute it.”

“ Of Mr. Davenant’s heart, Sir Edward, you already know my opinion ; judge therefore, my dear Sir, whether his fortune, splendid as it is, will tempt me, thinking as I do, to accept it. I am obliged to him certainly for his good opinion, and for employing you to acquaint

me

me with it; but no considerations shall influence me to unite myself to Mr. Davenant."

"He will, however, probably expect some reasons for a refusal so peremptory. A refusal for which, believe me, he is very little prepared."

"If he insists on it then, I shall give them. But my dear Sir, why waste we time in talking of him, when my heart is with my father, and I am impatient to follow it."

"And will you leave no part of it behind? will none of your good wishes remain on the banks of Grasmere water?"

"While you are here, you know they will," answered Ethelinde, with her usual frankness; and putting both her hands into his; he pressed them gently, and stifling a sigh, said—"And your new acquaintance, Mrs. Montgomery, will *she* retain no portion of your regard?"

"Assuredly she will; and if I had time

and spirits to tell you how much she deserves the regard of all the world—”

“ You know then who she is ? I own her manner of life, and the appearance of her son, has excited my curiosity.”

Ethelinde then, unable to resist the pleasure of talking of Montgomery and his mother, and secretly flattering herself that she should create a friend for them in the noble minded and generous Sir Edward, related in as few words as she could, the outline of their history ; but though she passed over much of it, the vivacity with which she spoke, the animation of her countenance, and the warmth of her expressions, convinced Sir Edward, who watched her narrowly, that the young man had made an impression on her heart, to which it had hitherto been a stranger. The pang this conviction gave to his own, he immediately endeavoured to suppress ; and yielding to his natural generosity, he became really interested for the mother and the son.

Ethelinde

Ethelinde had hardly finished her narrative, before they reached the house, after going all round the plantation; and then her father, his possible illness, his certain uneasiness in her absence, recurring to her mind, all her spirits forsook her. She entreated Sir Edward to consider for her the means of setting out the next day; and wishing him also to acquaint Lady Newenden of the necessity of her leaving the abbey, she retired to her own room to indulge her tears, which, for the first time in her life, were not wholly for her father.

Montgomery, whom she was perhaps never to see again! Montgomery, so amiable, so unhappy, and to whom she was so much obliged!—Could she help lamenting the probability of their eternal separation? Accustomed however to scrutinize her own thoughts, she blamed herself for the sudden and powerful influence which the idea of this young man had gained over her mind; and she determined to check

as much as possible a partiality so sudden and romantic, that she would assuredly have blamed it in another.

This resolution was easily made, but difficult to keep. All other conversation was importunate and fatiguing to her.—She was restless, absent, unhappy; and while her duty and tenderness to her father urged her to an immediate departure, the thoughts of seeing Montgomery no more, of being perhaps forgotten by him, added to the depression of spirits which the apprehended illness of Colonel Chesterville occasioned.

She could not, however, avoid appearing at dinner. Sir Edward had already informed Lady Newenden of her intended journey, who received it with great indifference; but Davenant put on as melancholy a look as his vacant features could assume: and Lord Danesforte, the moment he could get an opportunity of speaking to her, lamented that the party was to
be

be deprived of its most amiable support; and asked, "if she would allow him to see her safe part of the way?"

"By no means, my Lord; I entreat your Lordship not to think of taking that trouble."—She spoke this aloud; and Lady Newenden turning her eyes upon them with a look of displeasure, he found that in hazarding too much he might lose his ground with both; he therefore desisted for that time, and contented himself with animating the pursuit of Davenant, knowing that Ethelinde had rather a dislike than a partiality towards him; and that removed as she would be from any farther acquaintance with Montgomery, little was to be apprehended from her affection to another. He thought so lightly of the principles of women, that he doubted not but that he should be able to triumph over her understanding, if opportunity was offered him, by the same means which had enabled him to boast of his good fortune with so many others.

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When

When the company dispersed after dinner, Davenant followed Sir Edward to enquire the event of the negociation he had been entrusted with? Sir Edward, hurt himself at being thus deprived of the company of Ethelinde, and uneasy at the unpleasant prospect which the embarrassed situation of her father's circumstances offered to her, was ill disposed to be teized by Davenant about an affair to which all his fears for her future fate could not induce him heartily to wish any success: yet ashamed of appearing out of humour with a man who had not really offended him, he prepared with patience to listen to Davenant; who, with an assumed confidence said, "Pray, Sir Edward, what was Miss Chesterville's answer? I hope she is not—I think indeed she cannot be, averse to my proposal."

"She seems, however, averse to any proposals of marriage. At present her thoughts are occupied by her father's indisposition."

disposition: you must wait, therefore, a more favourable opportunity."

"I cannot say, Sir Edward, that it is pleasing to be kept in suspense. With such a fortune, and such settlements as it will be in my power to offer her, I think she may not find it very difficult to determine."

"If fortune was her only object, certainly she would not; but Ethelinde unluckily expects many other qualifications in an husband.—She expects an heart capable of understanding her value, and a taste which shall teach whoever she marries, to appreciate more than mere personal perfections. But in truth, Davenant, I cannot advise you upon the subject. It is a commission which you know I did not wish to undertake; it will be fitter for you to speak to her yourself; you will then judge of the probability of your success."

Davenant, though unwilling to suppose that a man of his consequence could meet a refusal, began however to doubt anew whether

whether some prepossession in favour of another, had not produced the coldness with which she had received the overture made by Sir Edward. He went to Lord Danesforte; and scrupled not to tell him, with mingled fullness and resentment, that his first advances had by no means been received with the complacency he had expected.

His Lordship rallied him on his pusillanimity.—“Faith Davenant,” cried he, “I thought you had understood women better. A beautiful girl, who like Ethelinde has been accustomed to be treated like a future goddess, and has been brought up with no other persuasions but that her person will make her fortune, expects attendance, adulation, and almost idolatry.—You are as cold and as timid as if you had never conversed with any woman superior to your bed-maker at Oxford; and therefore expected a repulse; the very apprehension of which generally produces it. Let her fancy that you are madly in love with her; and

and that you are ready to fight for her—to die for her—or to live with her; and the angel will descend from her seraphics, and consider the substantial and terrestrial comforts of a fortune of five or six thousand a year. Speak boldly then your own pretensions, mixed up with a sufficient quantity of flattery; no matter how strong—she has been so much used to it, that you must season it high to make her attend. If she goes alone, ask to escort her yourself, and speak, reason to her. Upon my soul she is a lovely girl; and is to be forgiven for a little pride. But believe me, whatever airs she may give herself, she has too much sense to have occasion to think twice about the final acceptance of you, though she may like to coquet a little, and teize you for a month or two to shew her power.”

Thus encouraged, Davenant felt his resolution revive. Though his heart was not interested, his pride was now deeply engaged; and of that pride which arises from
the

the consciousness of wealth, he had a great deal. But conscious also of some deficiency which he had neither strength of mind to correct, or candour to own, there was ever about him a mixture of haughtiness and bashfulness, especially when he found himself in company with people in whose estimation he well knew mere riches were not an equivalent for a cultivated understanding or an ingenuous heart.

The intellectual perfections of Ethelinde were so far from encreasing her charms in his opinion, that he would have liked her better, if, with as lovely a person she had possessed an understanding even inferior to the generality of women; since he had no inclination to encounter the scrutinizing eye of refined sensibility in his courtship, nor was he much disposed to acknowledge the superiority of his wife after marriage. But her beauty and her noble birth would gratify his vanity, and acquire for him some of that eclat which he coveted in the fashionable world; while he imagined
that

that his disinterested generosity in marrying a woman without fortune, would secure not only her gratitude, but his reputation for liberality of spirit for the rest of his life.

When he left Lord Danesforte, he enquired for Miss Chesterville; and hearing from the servants that she had walked out into the park, he followed her. Encouraging, almost unknown to herself, an hope of once more meeting Montgomery, Ethelinde had gone out of the park; and instead of taking the well known path towards Montgomery's house, which she fancied she desired to avoid, she took that which wound up the side of one of the fells, and which Sir Edward had caused to be cut through the rude surface among brush wood and low trees; it led almost perpendicularly up to a little Alpine spot among the rocks, whence a stream burst out, whose waters were accumulated probably on the top of the fell, and hurrying down its side, were precipitated from hence
into.

into the lake below. Sir Edward had made a sort of cave under the masses of stone, supported by rude pillars; and though dark tufts of trees concealed it on three sides, yet on the fourth it opened to a view of the lake towards the village where the dwelling of Montgomery was situated. Sir Edward had in one of their rambles, shewn the place to Ethelinde; and thither she now went to indulge those thoughts which made her unfit for society, and to take a last and distant leave of the house, which held those friends so newly acquired, yet so deeply regretted.

She sat down, faint and out of breath; turned her eyes towards the white cottage, glittering on the unruffled bosom of the lake, and sighed deeply.

“ Would I had never known these amiable people; since we are situated so wide of each other, that I shall probably never meet them more! since they have given me a specimen of social pleasure, which I cannot taste where I usually am, and yet cannot cease to regret! Among
beings

beings how different do my days move on ! With Lady Newenden, thinking wholly of herself ; with Miss Newenden, who loves nothing but her horse ; or among a croud of insignificant women, eager after trifles, and occupied often in the cruellest defamation, to gratify either their malice or their love of talking. How much superior is Mrs. Montgomery in her cottage, to the most affluent among them, surrounded with splendor ! How much superior is her son ; good God ! how much superior to such a man as Lord Danesforte, with his title, his figure, his immense estate and powerful interest ! how much more respectable than Davenant, with his five thousand a year, his university education, his stud, and his ridiculous indulgencies ; is the unattended, unassuming Montgomery ! the child of sorrow, born amidst blood and carnage ! educated by a father who had seen and braved all the miseries of war, and cultivated all the arts of peace ; and now supporting a widowed mother !—
with

with talents which might raise him to the most enviable situations, but with an heart —that sets him above them all!

“Montgomery has nothing! had he the fortunes of Lord Danesforte, or of the insignificant, selfish, narrow minded Davenant, how differently would he use his power! Possibly he is happier as he is. Ah! may nothing ever disturb his happiness, or that of his beloved, his amiable mother!”

Tears filled the eyes of Ethelinde, while these reflections passed through her mind; she held her handkerchief to her face; the rushing of the torrent near her prevented her hearing any other sound; before therefore, she was conscious of his approach, Montgomery was at her side.

She started when she perceived him; and endeavoured to conceal that she had been weeping—while he, advancing, exclaimed in the most animated accents, “I absolve fortune for ever for all her cruelty. After being so happy as to meet
you

you here so unexpectedly, I shall never complain again."

"Unexpectedly indeed," answered Ethelinde, hardly finding breath to speak—"I could not have imagined that any body but myself had frequented this lonely seat."

"Pardon me, it has long been a favourite spot of mine, and will now be more than ever haunted; for so strange a composition is the human heart, that there is often a delight in indulging regret; and such will be my occupation here, when I remember that I here saw Miss Chesterville, perhaps for the last time."

Ethelinde tried to force a smile, and answered—"Did you not make to me the same speech when we parted last?"

"Ah! forgive then the tautology. How indeed can a man think of varying his expressions, when his heart is sensible only to one invariable impression of incurable unhappiness, and hopeless regret."

Ethelinde still attempted to turn off this discourse, by affecting to consider such
speeches

speeches as matters of course; but her voice and looks so ill seconded her intention, that yielding to the tenderness and concern she felt, she turned away, and was obliged again to take out her handkerchief.

Montgomery, deprived of all resolution by these symptoms of sensibility, forgot that he had determined never to disclose to it's object a passion inevitably hopeless; since his own circumstances were such as must make it madness in him to think of uniting himself with a woman who had no fortune. He had learned that Ethelinde was the daughter of a younger brother of a family not very opulent; and though his heart had on his first acquaintance with her, acknowledged her perfections, and had since been more deeply interested at every interview, he thought he should have command enough over himself to conceal his partiality in the presence of Ethelinde, and philosophy enough in her absence to conquer it for ever.

But

But the sight of her tears, the idea of her feeling pain at their separation, overturned at once all these wise resolutions; and with an emotion which only true passion could produce, he ventured tremblingly to disclose the attachment which he now felt was invincible; and while he described its violence, lamented the probability of it's being successful.

Ethelinde, as sincere as sensible, was incapable, in the present moment, of concealing that she shared this indiscreet passion. "I cannot disguise it from you, Mr. Montgomery; my obligations to you, and your own merit, have made an impression on my heart which will never be obliterated. Conscious of the impropriety of indulging such a sentiment, I will own to you that I would gladly have forgotten it; yet why should I wish to do so? Though we shall perhaps meet no more, though our destinies seem to render a more permanent acquaintance impossible,

impossible, I may surely cherish a friendship, a ——”

Words were wanting; but her tears spoke more forcibly than language could have done, the emotion contending in her bosom.

“ Good God !” exclaimed the ardent and passionate Montgomery, “ for what am I reserved? To meet the loveliest, the most amiable of women; to find her generosity and compassion awakened for me, and to be certain that I shall see her no more—no more hear of her perhaps, unless that she has blessed some more fortunate man with that hand and that heart, which are all that I covet on earth. Poverty! adversity! obscurity; I have hitherto endured all without a murmur! but now I feel how bitter it is to be thrown out of that line of life from whence I might have dared to look up to supreme happiness.”

“ I cannot bear this,” said Ethelinde.
 “ Let me leave this place; and let us
 endeavour

endeavour to submit to that destiny which we probably cannot change. Remember the claim your mother has upon you, and suffer her not to feel the pain of seeing you unhappy."

"Believe me, Madam, I have used every argument with my own heart, which your considerate compassion can suggest; and you will recollect, that far from indulging this dangerous passion, by seeking the frequent pleasure of beholding you, I tore myself away on the afternoon you passed with my mother. Ah! fruitless precaution! it was then too late to suppress the admiration which I felt from my first interview, and which every subsequent one has contributed to heighten into an attachment that can end only with my life."

"I must not listen to this sort of conversation, Mr. Montgomery," said Ethelinde, rising to leave him, while she doubted whether her trembling limbs would carry her from the spot. "Adieu, Sir!—May
all

all happiness await you! and may Mrs. Montgomery——” She could not finish the sentence; but turning away, was hastening towards the path that led down to the abbey.

“Suffer me, however,” said Montgomery, “to attend you home. I know I ought not to have spoken to you as I have done—but when I know not whether I shall ever see you again——”

An interval of silence ensued; and Ethelinde endeavoured to recollect herself, and to summons some degree of fortitude and resolution. To have listened to a young man almost a stranger to her, to have confessed a passion perhaps so improper in itself, so repugnant to the duty she owed her father, shocked and distressed her: yet when she turned her eyes on Montgomery; when she beheld the melancholy look that his fine features had assumed, and heard him complain of the obscurity of his destiny, only as it prevented his aspiring to her; pity, tenderness,

pity, tenderness, and affection, against which reason fruitlessly contended, again overwhelmed her; and to say adieu for the last time seemed to be so cruelly painful, that every uneasiness of her life appeared comparatively light. She ventured not to trust herself a second time to speak, lest she should more evidently betray the state of her heart; but trembling, she pursued her way, while Montgomery, without presuming to offer her his arm, walked mournfully by her side.

They had thus advanced within a few yards of the entrance of the park, and as they were now near the gate, where they must inevitably take leave, the agitation of Ethelinde encreased. She repented the girlish and romantic weakness which had tempted her to indulge herself with a farewell view, and blamed herself for having incurred so much needless anguish, and still more for having betrayed it to Montgomery.

While these thoughts passed through
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her mind, Montgomery was reflecting, not on the means of bearing better this cruel separation, but on those of seeing her again.

"Will you," said he, "suffer me to see you, if any circumstance at present unexpected should occasion my being in London?"

"It were better perhaps——" Ethelinde was proceeding in a faltering voice to deny him; but interrupting her, he cried—

"Ah! do not, I intreat you, forbid me; possibly I may never claim the conditional indulgence I solicit. After knowing that to the generous gallantry of Colonel Chesterville, my father, when an enemy, owed his life, would it not be ungrateful were I to neglect an opportunity of paying for that dear parent the debt of gratitude, which no change of circumstance, no lapse of years, nor even death itself, can cancel?"

"Let

“Let your visit then be to him; and as for me——”

The conclusion of her speech was broken by a sudden whistle; and round an angle of the path, Davenant suddenly turning, appeared before them calling his dogs. Never was an interruption more unwelcome; for though Ethelinde knew not what she was going to add, and had but a moment before prudently determined to conceal, as far as she now could, the real sentiments of her heart, yet she never so thoroughly disliked Davenant as at this moment; and Montgomery, whose eyes were eagerly fixed on her half averted face, now turned them towards the unfortunate intruder with a look of anger and scorn; while Davenant, whose narrow mind had conceived a mean jealousy of Montgomery, looked gloomy and offended at meeting Ethelinde with him, and slightly touching his hat, which salutation

lutation Montgomery as coldly returned, he said to Ethelinde—"I have been all over the park, Miss Chesterville—I believe twice over it, in search of you."

"And to what, Sir, do you owe having taken so much trouble?"

"To—to—my—my—nothing, but only I wished to have had the pleasure of being of your walking party."

"You are very good," answered she; "but I chose to walk alone." Immediately conscious, however, that he would remark Montgomery's being with her, she added—"and by accident met Mr. Montgomery coming to the abbey."

"Mr. Montgomery," said Davenant, "is always a lucky man."

"Yes," answered Ethelinde, with vivacity, "he has more than once met me very opportunely; and had it not been for him I should probably never have enjoyed the happiness I shall now have

have in a day or two—that of meeting my father.”

They were by this time within the lawn; and Montgomery said something as if he meant there to take leave; but still lingering till the last moment, still deferring to take the farewell look, he went into the house with them, saying that he could not forbear, since he was so near, soliciting permission to pay his respects to Sir Edward and Lady Newenden.

Sir Edward received him with friendly politeness. The rest of the party, in their usual way, continued talking on trifling subjects, to which Montgomery was unable to give the slightest attention; and finding that to be merely in company with Ethelinde under such restraint was worse than not seeing her at all, he sat only a few minutes; and then hastily rising, paid his compliments round

without daring to distinguish her by any particular address, (least his emotion should become too evident) and withdrew.

Ethelinde had murmured something of sending her friendly wishes to his mother; but her words were inarticulate; her heart beat so violently that she breathed with difficulty; and as she heard the great hall door shut after him, her spirits seemed so entirely to forsake her, that though she would gladly have withdrawn she knew not whether she could command strength enough to cross the room, and therefore sat down where she was, hoping, that as it was nearly dark, her agitation would pass unnoticed.

Lord Danesforte however approached her, and in a low voice, but with his usual vehement expressions, lamented that they were so soon to lose her.—

“ It

"It is the most unreasonable thing in the world," said he, "for Chesterville to send for you to London at this time of the year. How does he think you are to exist there, or how are your friends to exist without you who have once known you? Here will be hanging and drowning I am afraid when you are gone. As to Davenant, we must have a watch set over him, or we shall see him floating, like another Leander, on the lake; or pendant from some willow over it."

Ethelinde was by no means able to answer this trifling with raillery, and was so near shedding tears that she was afraid if she spoke at all her voice would betray her; she bowed therefore gravely, and Lord Danesforte went on—

"We shall be all undone without you. As for me, I shall fly off as soon as I can after we get to Scarborough."

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You

You will admit me to see you in London as an old acquaintance?"

"I dare say my father would think himself honoured by your Lordship's visits."

She spoke this so faintly as hardly to be heard, and was much relieved by the approach of Sir Edward, who, as soon as Lord Danesforte turned towards another part of the room, sat down by her, and told her that his post chaise with four hired horses was to be at the door at seven o'clock the next morning.—"But my dear Ethy," said he, tenderly taking her hand, "what am I to say to Davenant? he complains that he has in vain sought an opportunity of speaking to you; that you repulse without hearing him; and he has been asking me if I will allow him to escort you part of the way to-morrow, that he may have an opportunity of explaining himself."

"I hope

"I hope, Sir, you refused him."

"I referred him to you."

"I am sorry you did, because it puts me to the pain of rejecting peremptorily a mark of attention, for which I am doubtless obliged to Mr. Davenant, but which I can by no means accept."

"Suffer him then to speak to you this evening, and let him hear your resolution from yourself. May I tell him that you will hear him?"

This was almost too much for Ethelinde; who overcome by the pain of having parted probably for ever from the man who possessed her heart, was yet compelled to listen to proposals from another, for whom she felt only indifference bordering on contempt, and whom she found herself disposed to dislike the more, because he possessed all those pecuniary advantages,

the want of which in Montgomery deprived her of all hope of being his.

Sir Edward had so far conquered his own inclinations by the force of his excellent principles, that he believed himself henceforth determined to act, in regard to Ethelinde, with the most disinterested friendship. He suspected her partiality to the young stranger as soon as she had herself been sensible of it: every day's observation confirmed his ideas; but as he knew that Montgomery was entirely destitute of fortune, and was too well informed of the embarrassed situation of Colonel Chesterville, he was convinced that by giving way to such a passion, Ethelinde would be miserable either in its disappointment or its success; while by accepting the offers of Davenant she would be secure of affluence for herself, and
of

of retrieving the situation of her father. To himself, though dearer than his existence, she could never be any thing more than a beloved sister; and his generous and feeling heart stifled as much as possible every other wish than that of seeing her, if not happy, at least out of any hazard of suffering either the torments of hopeless passion, or the humiliation and inconveniences of indigence; he fancied that Davenant would, under her influence, become more worthy of her; and though he flattered not himself that she could ever love him, he trusted that her good sense, her good heart, and her filial piety, would reconcile her to a lot, which, though he would not in other circumstances have chosen for her, seemed now the best that was likely to offer.

In answer to his request that she
 12 would

would hear Davenant that evening; Ethelinde, collecting as much courage as she could, replied that she was much fatigued with a long walk, and having preparations to make for the next day should go immediately to her room.—“Excuse me therefore, dear Sir Edward, if I entreat you to take once more the trouble of conveying my thanks to Mr. Davenant for the honour he does me by his good opinion; and at the same time assure him that every application of that sort must, however flattering, be ineffectual.”

“Davenant will not receive such an answer as final from me.”

“He must then pardon me if I beg he will hear it from myself, should he unluckily remain in the same mind after he reaches London. Indeed, Sir Edward, I cannot see him this evening;

ing; pray do not press it; and if you have indeed the affection for me which I have always been so proud of, persuade him wholly to desist from a pursuit which persecutes and perplexes me."

Sir Edward, struck with her manner and the resolution she seemed to have taken, was more than ever disposed to believe that she would not thus hastily have rejected one man, without being sensible of a strong partiality for another. She immediately arose, and retired to her own room, where the image of Montgomery was immediately before her, and her whole soul lost in the tumultuous yet painful pleasure of knowing that he loved her; but while she felt inexpressible delight in that conviction, the bitterest anguish seized her in recollecting that she had parted from him probably for ever.

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The hope, however, that he would, in pursuance of the hint he had given, follow her to London, lurked in her heart; but if she for a moment indulged it, her reason reproached her for the folly and indiscretion of wishing to nourish a passion which must be so fatal to her own repose, to that of the man for whose happiness she would have sacrificed her life, and to the tranquillity of her father, hitherto her first consideration.

During a sleepless night, these contradictory and irreconcilable sensations passed alternately through her mind, and by the morning reason had so far gained the ascendant, that she fancied herself determined to think no more of Montgomery, to check every wish that led to a nearer acquaintance with him, and to give herself up as entirely as ever to her attendance

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ance and duty to the best of fathers,
without suffering any other object to
divide with him her tenderness and
her attention.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IX.

ETHELINDE arose the next morning, pale, languid, her eyes swollen with weeping and her heart heavy. She went into the breakfast room, where the tea was made for her by the old housekeeper; and as she had taken leave of Lady, Sir Edward, and Miss Newenden, the evening before, as well as of the rest of the party, by the usual compliments on such occasions, she intended to have began her journey without repeating a ceremony so painful with friends who are beloved, and so unmeaning with persons wholly indifferent; she had not, however, been many minutes below, before Sir Edward entered the room.—“Prepared already, my dear Ethy, to begin

gin your journey? Ah! I see you are anxious to leave us! You are tired of Grasmere Abbey, though you have yet been here only five weeks!"

"Not tired of Grasmere Abbey, Sir Edward, nor anxious to leave you; but very solicitous to return to my father; very uneasy lest he should be more indisposed than his tenderness for me will allow him to relate."

"I hope you will not find him so. Give him this letter; and tell him that as soon as I return to London my first visit shall be to him. When that will be I know not; Lady Newenden will probably wish to stay at Scarborough, if she finds amusement there; and will then perhaps go to some other place of public amusement, since London will be without attractions for some months to come."

' Shall I not see my cousin before
I go?

I go? It is, however, immaterial, as I took leave of her last night."

"There is another person, however, whom you ought to see: Davenant has repeated his wish to be allowed to speak to you."

"Dear Sir Edward," answered Ethelinde with encreased quickness, "how can you be so importunate about that young man. Indeed I can never like him; I can never esteem him; why then should I listen to him? why should I suffer him a moment to be in doubt about my sentiments?"

"Then why not *bear* and dismiss him, if to dismiss him you are determined. But allow me, my dear Ethy, to say, that however indifferent you may be to circumstances merely pecuniary, you should not hastily nor harshly refuse an offer, on which perhaps few young women would hesitate. Consider of it; see your father first.

"Good

“Good God!” cried she, “is it from you, Sir Edward, I receive such advice? To listen to a man who is so indifferent to me merely because he is rich! My father, Sir, unless he is greatly altered, would never, I think, urge me to become the wife of Mr. Davenant, unless I felt for him that preference which I am persuaded I never shall feel. Dear Sir Edward, press me no more on this subject, and forgive—forgive the ungrateful petulance with which I have received your friendly but impracticable advice.” She then gave him her hand; while her eyes, filled with tears, were fixed on his face. He found himself too much affected; and not daring to trust his own resolutions, he only kissed her hand and said, with as much steadiness as he could command—“You will always command me, Ethelinde: you

you know that I have no wish but to see you happy."

Davenant now entered the room in a travelling dress; and advancing as if almost doubtful of his reception towards Ethelinde—"I hope," said he, "Sir Edward has been interceding with you, Miss Chesterville, for leave for me to wait on you the first stage."

"I should be very sorry, answered Ethelinde, "that you thought, Sir, of taking so much trouble. Trouble which is entirely needless; as I shall be perfectly safe with the attendants and in the conveyance Sir Edward has provided for me.

Davenant however continued to urge his request, which Sir Edward did not discourage, nor could Ethelinde without rudeness refuse. He prepared therefore to attend her; and after taking a melancholy leave of Sir Edward, who saw her depart with extreme reluctance,

luciance, she got into the chaise; Davenant seating himself by her side, and having his servant follow with his horse. The presence of such a companion did not serve to raise the dejected spirits of Ethelinde. To take leave of Sir Edward was sufficiently painful; but Montgomery still appeared the most interesting figure on the canvas; she saw him, in her imagination, sitting pensively on the banks of the lake, or on the fragment of rock where they had last conversed; she heard him sigh over the recollection of the few but decisive moments they had passed together; she fancied him lamenting *that* destiny which tore them for ever from each other; and she beheld the concern with which his mother watched his desponding looks and altered spirits. Absorbed in these reveries, she forgot that Davenant was with her; she gave no attention to his attempts
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to entertain her; and her native politeness was lost in the prevalence of a passion against which her prudence and her reason could make no effectual resistance.

She failed not, however, to call them both to her assistance. To feel herself thus strongly and suddenly attached to a person of whom she knew so little, was exactly that romantic infatuation which she had so often condemned as weakness when it had occurred in real life, and as of dangerous example when represented in novels. But it was in vain she felt all its impropriety; and her reason served to shew her the danger of her situation without affording her the strength to extricate herself. She tried to think more of those to whom she was going, and less of those whom she left behind; and by the time they had passed the first two miles, forced herself

self to give some degree of attention to the sort of discourse with which Davenant attempted to amuse her. They now entered a long and narrow valley, confined on both sides by enormous fells; the few trees that grew on some of them were already faded and half leafless; the masses of grey rock which composed others, appeared more than usually dark from a lowering sky; the deep gloom which hung over the face of nature seemed in correspondence with the heavy heart of Ethelinde, whose forced spirits being soon exhausted, she would most gladly have been alone, that she might have indulged the tears which were every moment ready to gush from her eyes: but Davenant, who had at first been offended by her silence, had been elated by her subsequent complaisance, and had at length collected courage to open to her his long meditated proposals,

propofals. In the midft, however, of his fpeech, to which he fancied Ethelinde lent the profoundeft attention, fhe fuddenly ftarted, and haftening to let down the window of the chaise, exclaimed—“ Mr. Montgomery, oh! Montgomery !”

The chaise was ftopped; and from a tuft of brush wood which grew out of the rocks in the narrow way they were then traverfing, Montgomery ftepped forward, and came to the window.

He feemed furprifed at the fight of another perfon in the chaise; but Ethelinde, regardless of her companion, expreffed her pleafure at meeting him; while he faid, in a mournful tone—
 “ Can you pardon me for ftopping you on your way, to entreat once more the permiffion I before foli-cited? May I wait on Colonel Chefterville in London? May I hope he will receive
 the

the grateful acknowledgments of the son of his old friend? I have not his address; I could not, when I last saw you, ask for it; may I now beg you to put it on this card?"

He then gave into her trembling hand a card and a pencil. She wrote the direction to her father and returned it to him, saying—"We are to hope then for the pleasure of seeing you in London?"

"I hope so," answered he. "My mother has new expectations given her from her friends, and has consented that I should attempt to realize them. My hopes"—and his words were broken by a deep sigh—"are far less sanguine!"

"Fail not," said Ethelinde, as she gave him her hand, "to offer to Mrs. Montgomery my most affectionate compliments. If she also should be in town she will suffer me to see her."

Montgomery pressed fervently to his
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lips the hand she held out to him, and made an effort to speak; but finding that the longer the interview lasted the more severely he felt the pang of its conclusion, he suddenly released her hand, and bowing, bade the postillions go on. They instantly obeyed; and Ethelinde, in again losing sight of him, fancied her being again about to be annihilated. Unable to conceal sentiments so strongly felt, she arose from her seat and looked through the back window; where she saw Montgomery, standing like a statue where she had left him, his eyes earnestly fixed on the chaise, which, however, soon turned round a sharp rising ground; and when it concealed him from her view, she sat down, sighed from the bottom of her heart, and when Davenant addressed her, seemed surprised, as if she had forgotten he was there.

“ Mr. Mont-

“ Mr. Montgomery,” said he, “ is, I see, so great a favorite, that if I trouble you again with what I was saying, I suppose I have no chance of being noticed now ?”

“ Mr. Montgomery,” answered Ethelinde, “ *is* a great favorite ; but what were you saying ? I beg your pardon. — I believe you were making some very civil speech, to which I ought to have been attentive. But the sight of a friend one has a regard for——”

“ Yes,” replied Davenant, his gloomy humour returning, “ this is not the first time I have remarked that that *lad* is much more listened to than I am ; and I suppose if he had been talking to you instead of me you would not have forgotten what *he* was saying.”

“ Possibly not, Sir,” replied Ethelinde ; “ but you will recollect that I

am not compelled to listen to you; and that the trouble you gave yourself in leaving the Abbey with me was equally unwished for and unnecessary." Gentle, and unwilling to give pain as she naturally was, she was so entirely engrossed by the idea of Montgomery, and so vexed to find that after his having waited to see her on the way their last interview was interrupted by the presence of Davenant, that her usual mildness forsook her, and she could not refrain from expressing the uneasiness she felt.

"I am sorry I intruded upon you, Madam," said Davenant, "and sorry to find that my hope of making myself acceptable to you is counteracted by your prepossession in favour of another person."

"You have no right to assert, Sir, that I have any such prepossession. For your favourable opinion of me I thank you; but

but it would be an ill return to mislead you: though I am sensible how much greater the advantages are which you offer me than any I have a right to expect, yet I have no wish to marry, and therefore must be permitted to decline the honour of your proposal—an honor which some person of greater merit will most undoubtedly be found ready to accept.”

“ And you refuse then, Madam, to let me wait on your father? A permission you just now gave so readily to Mr. Montgomery.”

“ No, Sir; I do not refuse what does not depend on me. Mr. Davenant cannot fail of being welcome to every body whom he may favour with his visits as a friend.”

Sullen silence on the part of Davenant, whose pride was more hurt than his love, and deep reflection on that of Ethelinde, made the rest of their

way to the house where the horses were to be changed extremely unpleasant to them both. When they arrived there, Ethelinde, conscious that she had been too petulant, endeavoured to erase the recollection of it by forced civility, yet not wishing to awaken hopes which she never meant to encourage: but Davenant, who in the proud consciousness of his own splendid fortune had conceived a sovereign contempt for Montgomery, whom he looked upon as nothing better than an indigent peasant, was so extremely piqued by her former behaviour, that he disdained either to repeat his overtures or renew his assiduous civilities; but after staying a few moments, he mounted his horse, and returned in a very ill humour to Grasmere Abbey; hardly bidding adieu to Ethelinde, who pursued her journey alone, by no means repining at the loss

loss of her companion; since she could now indulge, unmolested and unremarked, the fond dreams which had taken possession of her fancy. She should see Montgomery again; he would visit her at her father's; perhaps her father might be of use to him; perhaps, with an introduction so respectable, added to his extraordinary merit, he might find friends. How delicious were these dreams, and how easily her soft and susceptible spirit, believing all it wished, had built a little fabrick of visionary happiness, which soothed the anguish that had for some days preyed on her mind. Montgomery, the beloved Montgomery, was to become the *protégé* of her father; he was to be restored to the rank his family held; he was to rise in the army; to be noticed by his relations; to be the friend of Sir Edward Newenden. Affluence was to follow of

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course. She was sure of his love; sure of seeing him again; and carrying these thoughts to her pillow, she enjoyed more quiet sleep than she had done for many preceding nights. She bore her journey, though rapid, without suffering much fatigue; and as it drew towards an end, felt new pleasure in reflecting on the approaching meeting with her father. On the evening of the fourth day she was set down at his house in Cleveland Row, and flying eagerly up stairs was instantly in his arms.

Tears were in the eyes of both while he pressed her to his bosom; but as soon as the first transports subsided, and Ethelinde sat down to give her father an account of her journey, she was shocked by the alteration she observed in his countenance as well as his manner. He was pale, and his eyes had lost their lustre; a heavy melancholy

melancholy sat on his countenance, his cloaths hung loosely about him from his extreme thinness, and his air bespoke dejection and uneasiness of mind.—“My dearest Sir,” said his daughter, taking his hand, “you have been indisposed I am afraid longer than you mentioned to Sir Edward. You look thin. How long have you been ill? and why did you not instantly send to me?”

“My illness,” replied he, “is of little consequence, and is now, I think, going off; but my mind is disturbed, Ethelinde—cruelly disturbed by the conduct of your brother: his draughts have very much exceeded all bounds: I have paid all but the last; but now I cannot continue to do so. Perhaps my example has not been a good one: too much attached to play since the death of your beloved mother, I have given him cause to say that his father

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ther has sanctioned his indiscretions. Unhappy boy! my heart bleeds for him; for is he not the son of the most beloved of women! But I have already gone too far for him; and justice to my Ethelinde now withholds my hands. Alas! she has been already too much injured. To his last draughts I must refuse, nay I have refused acceptance."

"Oh! Sir!" cried Ethelinde, tears flowing from her eyes, "if you love your daughter, let her not be the means of distressing her brother! It is not yet, I hope, too late to save Harry from such a mortification. My dear Sir, let me intercede for him; and consider how much it will injure his credit, how much it may expose him to contempt. As for me, bestow not a thought upon me; there is no inconvenience I would not cheerfully submit

submit to rather than have my dear Harry made unhappy."

"By heaven you are an angel, Ethelinde! but the more generous and disinterested you are, the more it should have been my care to reward such excellence. Ah! my dear girl! Harry thought not thus of us, or he would not have acted so inconsiderately as he has done: but let me not deceive you, my love, nor, while I blame my son, excuse myself. I have been most improvident. Playing usually with such a degree of good success as authorised me to pursue it without self reproach, I foresaw not that a series of ill fortune might sweep away all the advantages I had ever gained. That evil hour came upon me at my late visit. Let me not lengthen a painful detail: I lost a thousand more than I could raise without mortgaging my pay. I have done so; your brother's expences have

have swallowed up every other resource. In time, my income will come round again; but we must live no longer as we now do. I have determined to quit this house immediately, and to go into lodgings at Bath. Can my Ethelinde forgive her unhappy, her imprudent father? can *she* submit to an humble way of life, whom palaces and splendour ought to await?"

"Think not so meanly of me for God's sake, my dearest father, as to suppose me capable of murmuring. In any situation of life I can be happy with you, and regret nothing unless I see you uneasy; that indeed is too much for me. Let us, since this regulation is necessary, lose no time about it. Behold me ready to attend you to any place, ready to revere and love you always as the best and tenderest of parents; and should it
ever

ever be necessary, to embrace with chearfulness the humblest state of life, to relieve you from the burthen of supporting me."

"Oh! comfort of my soul!" exclaimed Colonel Chesterville, embracing her—"Image, in mind and in person, of that best of human beings, my other, my first Ethelinde! never torture my mind by supposing that the extremity shall arrive which shall tear thee from me; and while thou art left me, consoling and lovely as thou art, I cannot be quite wretched! We will quit London in a fortnight. I waited only for your arrival to arrange the necessary preliminaries."

"And my brother, Sir? his draughts?" cried the weeping Ethelinde.

"Alas! my love, I was compelled with an aching heart, compelled to refuse accepting them, for in truth I had not the means of paying them;
yet

yet when I reflect that my poor boy will be so cruelly distressed—that, with infinitely more excuse, he has not been more indiscreet than his father—oh! Ethelinde, it breaks my heart; my rest, my strength forsakes me. I cannot survive the ruin of my children which my own infatuation has brought on.”

“ Be not thus affected, or you will kill your Ethelinde! Dear Sir, if Sir Edward Newenden was here you would have no difficulty. Till I can have recourse to him, which I will instantly set about, allow me to recall the draughts and to find means to pay them.”

“ Dearest girl, what means can you have? I will, however, send after them; and cannot object to your application to Sir Edward, whose noble nature I know so well. Write to him, therefore, my love, by the earliest post. To his generous friendship I shall

shall not blush to be obliged: and now, my Ethelinde, try to compose yourself; call upon that excellent understanding to supply you with fortitude to bear, and upon that excellent nature to pardon your father for the temporary reverse of fortune which he has brought upon you."

Ethelinde, whose heart was too full to carry on a dialogue so affecting any longer, was glad for both their sakes to avail herself of this permission to withdraw. She recollected not till this moment the letter given her for her father by Sir Edward Newenden on the morning they parted; she now gave it him; he begged she would stay while he read it. It's contents were most kind, and convinced the Colonel that he might have a firm reliance on his generous friendship in the present cruel exigence. This conviction served greatly to calm his mind;

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Ethelinde retired also with some degree of apparent composure. But the moment she was alone all her fortitude forsook her: the lovely visions she had been painting were annihilated for ever! Far from any hopes remaining that her father would be able to serve Montgomery, she saw him in a situation of painful dependence; and she knew that the little fortune she might have expected was no more: but on that she would not have bestowed a thought had not the loss of Montgomery inevitably followed. A night of the most uneasy dreams succeeded to the painful and fatiguing day she had passed; and she arose and met her father at breakfast the next day, with forced smiles indeed, and assumed cheerfulness, but with a countenance so wan and eyes so heavy, that he started when he saw her; and throwing his arms round her, sobbed aloud, and exclaimed

—“Oh!

—“ Oh! Ethelinde! these heart rending smiles, this languor which you vainly attempt to shake off, tell me, my child, too truly that you are unhappy; and my reproaching heart accuses me of having robbed those eyes of their lustre, and of suppressing those genuine smiles which were the delight of my soul!”

Ethelinde, seeing him extremely affected, declared that her looks, if indeed she did look so ill, were merely the effect of the fatigue of a long journey, which would soon go off. She then exerted herself so effectually as to succeed in tranquillizing his mind. As soon as breakfast was over, he went out; and Ethelinde, anxious about the draughts of her brother, set about a plan she had formed the night before, which was to part with several valuable trinkets and jewels, some of which had been her mother's and some pre-
sents

sents to herself, in order to raise money to take them up; for though she had no doubt of Sir Edward Newenden's instantly supplying the money, she dreaded the delay that must arise before she could have his answer; especially if he should have left Grasmere Abbey before her letter got thither, of which she was by no means certain; in which case it must follow him to Scarborough.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

